The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1920 NUMBER 266

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The Week

THE PRESIDENT's proclamation fixing March 1st as the date for the return of the railways to their private owners is hardly at all reflected in Stock Exchange values. Apparently the financial experts are quite confident that before March 1st some action will be taken by Congress, either an extension of the guarantee of earnings or the concession of a generous increase in rates, which will perpetuate a condition at least as favorable as obtains at present. Without some such action the return of the roads would greatly embarrass their owners, and in anticipation of it railway shares should now be plunging downward.

IF THE anti-strike provisions of the Cummins bill become law, the railway machinists will strike. That is definitely announced by the president, as the result of a vote that turned out to be almost unanimous. The other railway unions have not as yet declared their intentions, but nobody doubts that they feel exactly as the machinists do about the matter. Does not that look like "direct action," brought in from the economic field to effect political ends? And just what place is there for such action under our political system? Formally, none. In theory the government is limited in the exercise of its authority only by the Constitution. In practice there are a host of other limitations, in the conceptions free men cherish as to their natural rights. And every time the government appears to transcend these limitations it is likely to find itself involved in perplexities of a rather serious character. The coal injunction fiasco should have served to remind politicians of this obvious principle of politics.

BRYAN has been hibernating so long that many ambitious Democratic politicians had come to assume that he was extinct. Now he has issued from his cave, rather thin, but extremely hungry and fit. And all the nice little political calculations, whereby the Democratic party might be ranged on the reactionary side of the Republicans, have been rudely disturbed. Bryan probably has not the least intention of running for the Presidency, either on the Democratic or on the Labor ticket. But he certainly does intend to make other candidates pass in review before him, if he can compass it, and compel them to exhibit their liberal qualifications. Is it necessary to humor him in this? Bryan can still swing many votes in the convention, and he can still exert an appreciable influence on election day. And the Democrats are in no position to take on internal dissensions.

THERE ARE serious scientists who affirm that as many as a million persons in the United States are more or less feeble minded, and that another three million are of such low grade mentality as to be practically devoid of critical instinct. They can be made to believe anything and stick to the belief long after the purpose in deceiving them has disappeared. Half of them are voters, and if they could be drawn to one political party they might decide the presidential election. Governor Lowden

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must have been fishing for this vote when he revived the obscene myth of the nationalization of women by order of Lenin and Trotsky. The press reports of his address were unfortunately too inadequate to show exactly how he tied up his acceptance of this myth and his enjoyment of it with his personal ambitions.

THE SO-CALLED Women's Equal Opportunity League contains in its membership roll not a few honored names. The greater is the pity that the League should have joined with Speaker Sweet and the more unenlightened employing interests in fighting the Welfare bills, throttled in the last New York Assembly but to be pressed again in 1920. An eight-hour day for women and a minimum wage law, declares Speaker Sweet, are Prussian, Socialistic, and a preparation for the day of Soviet government; and the good women of the League listen to such rubbish and applaud it. There are even some of them who deliberately assert that such laws are favored only by sentimentalists, leisure class welfare workers "out of touch with industry." How about the Women's Trade Union League and the State Federation of Labor, both actively supporting the bills? Is it a prerequisite of industrial wisdom that one should be "in touch" from the employer's side of the question?

EIGHT HOURS of work for women, the prohibition of night work and the fixing of minimum wages are not new things in history. They are not of Prussian origin nor of Socialistic, but have sprung from plain Anglo-Saxon common sense. That common sense recognizes that neither the state nor women gain in the long run from conditions destructive to the health and efficiency of the greater part of the women workers exposed to them. The competing power of women is inevitably reduced by such conditions. When they obtain, industry tends to become a last resource against starvation, instead of a sound basis of personal independence. The evidence on this point is so overwhelming that it is almost incredible that any one not a part of a well paid propagandist organization should be willing to compromise his reputation by taking such a stand as the "Women's Equal Opportunity League" is unfortunately taking.

SPARSE REFERENCES from the European press indicate that the counter-revolutionary tribunals now wreaking their will in Hungary are even more sanguinary than the revolutionary tribunals of the Bela Kun regime. They are emulating the White Terror of Finland. This is, of course, quite in the natural order of events. Revolution is always a bloody business, but rarely without its generous enthusiasms, its ideal of fraternity. Counter-revolution, on the other hand, always sets out with the self-righteousness of legitimacy, to banish, imprison, kill, until the state shall be purged and the old order restored. Revolution releases the hot passions of the young, counter-revolution the cold hatred of the old.

THERE IS another difference: the revolution finds many of its victims among men of prominence, princes, judges, politicians, whose clamors rise to Heaven, while the proscriptions of the counter-revolution rage chiefly among the nameless, voiceless mass. Not always. Among those recently sentenced to death by the present Hungarian government, the press despatches mention "Lasko, the author." Presumably that is Andreas Latzko, whose book, Men In War, depicted life and death in the Austrian battle lines, the rottenness of the Austrian military command, the shameless profiteering and exploitation at home with such grim realism that the book was suppressed by the censor in the Dual Monarchy and in the United States, though not in England and France. We and the Austrian bureaucracy were afraid that morale would be affected adversely if we permitted the people, fighting to end war, to realize how horrible a thing war really is. The book is a great book, one of the few produced by the war, and its author a literary master of the first rank. Must he be slain now because certain senile Hungarian bureaucrats tremble overmuch for their privileges and property?

IT MAY be safely inferred from the behavior of Japan that Kolchak is about at the end of his rope. According to the Japanese official publicity bureau at Vladivostok, Japan "is going to modify her policy of active assistance to the Omsk government and base her Siberian policy on the guarding of the railway lines and maintaining order in districts adjacent to them." The bureau further states that "the Japanese press speaks for a rapprochement with the liberal elements in Siberia." Japan, it may be inferred, will limit her action to protecting her own economic interests, chiefly in the territories east of Baikal. This is also the gist of Premier Hara's Christmas day statement on Siberian policy.

WHERE KOLCHAK is and what his future plans and those of his following may be it is impossible to say with certainty. According to one report he has turned over the "All Russian Government" to Semenoff, but this can hardly be anything but a grim joke. Semenoff is a flashy brigand, vastly inferior in ability and infinitely more brutal and unprincipled than Pancho Villa. With a cosmopolitan band of a few hundreds of cutthroats, Semenoff has managed to pick a living out of the ill-defended

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settlements around Lake Baikal. That is all he amounts to. No doubt Kolchak in his desperation is trying to establish closer relations with Semenoff and other brigands and freebooters of Eastern Siberia. He could hardly be expected to do otherwise.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, so it is confidently reported from Paris, is at last preparing to undertake the task of ordering the national finances. Drastic taxes are promised, on luxuries, on imports, on incomes, to appropriate to the state practically the whole national surplus, above comfortable living. That is unquestionably what France ought to do. If she could do it her public credit would be quickly reestablished and she could restore the private credit of her commerce by retiring her excess of paper circulation. But can she do it? She has to work through a legislative body elected on belated war issues. The Chamber has no popular mandate for action which touches the people so closely as drastic taxation. It may take such action, nevertheless, spurred on by the nation's necessities. But if it does, it will hardly survive very long.

DENIKIN, too, has been faring rather badly of late. He has had to give up much territory to the Soviet forces, besides having serious trouble with some of his Galician "volunteers," who have attacked him in the rear. Harold Williams, the last surviving optimist of the counter-revolutionary press service, insists that Denikin is not at all discouraged. Denikin does not mind in the least giving up a few thousand square miles, for himself. All that grieves him is the fate of the populations again exposed to Soviet rule. That looks indeed like a serious matter, but if the populations were greatly concerned, why do they not give Denikin more effective support? They do not lack for arms and munitions, nor can we suppose that the forces thrown against Denikin are overwhelming. The Soviet front is over 5,000 miles long; it must be thinly held.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish a communication from Mr. Alfred Zimmern which can not fail to strike the conscience of every American who has any humanity in him. What are we doing to alleviate the terrible distress of Europe, distress borne by friend and former enemy, by the unjust and the just, the guilty and the innocent, but most of all by the innocent? Do we even permit ourselves to think of the millions of children sunk in a lethargy of starvation and dispair, of the millions of mothers, themselves worn to a shadow by hunger and anxiety, awakening each day to an agony of uncertainty as to whether they shall be able to find the bit of food necessary to keep even the sickly life in thin children's bodies for a while longer until hope may dawn? Or do we exclude the thought of it from our minds, as incompatible with our present enjoyments, as a certain American missionary in a famine district of India used to draw his blinds carefully at meal times, lest the sight of emaciated natives with skeleton fingers on skeleton ribs might spoil his appetite?

THE MISSIONARY had an adequate apology: he might have distributed all he had and starved himself; it would have done little good. Have we any such defence? Not at all. There is food enough in the world so that nobody in Europe need starve. There is work enough, God knows, after the destruction of war, so that nobody need live in enforced idleness. There are ships enough to carry the food and essential raw materials from the American continents and from the Indian Ocean. It is not for want of the material means of relief that millions of Europeans are now under sentence of death by starvation. It is for want of an organization of credit and the international distribution of supplies that a horror greater than war rests upon the world.

WE AMERICANS pride ourselves on our capacity for organization. We control the chief reserves of foodstuffs and raw materials. We control the credit necessary to place those reserves—and all other available reserves—where they are so desperately needed. We could organize overnight the machinery required for the work. How then is it possible for us to justify, before man and God, our shameful, our atrocious inaction? When our national interests are at stake, when it is even alleged that American property is unfairly treated, say, in Mexico, it is hard to keep ourselves from rushing to action even before a fair inquiry. Does one per cent knocked off Doheny's magnificent dividends weigh more with us than hundreds of thousands of children crying for bread.

"To Avert or Postpone Industrial Conflicts"

IN ITS preliminary statement the President's Industrial Conference has limited itself to a single object. It does not pretend to have found causes of unrest or the remedies. It does not even pretend to have investigated them. The signers of the report simply assume that by establishing some machinery of inquiry and adjustment they can "avert or postpone industrial conflicts." To what time these conflicts are to be averted or postponed, the report does not say, but its authors would probably claim

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that only when struggles are postponed so as to permit inquiry is there any hope of developing such a body of information and analysis as to justify a scientific discussion of unrest and its causes. As much adjustment as possible along the way, and for the rest a method of investigating disputes, and time to use the method—that is all that the Conference proposes.

The machinery while novel in certain details is on the whole familiar enough. First, a National Industrial Tribunal at Washington, consisting of nine members appointed by the President, confirmed by the Senate: three nominated by the Secretary of Commerce to represent the employers, three nominated by the Secretary of Labor to represent the employees, three to represent the public interest and presumably the direct appointees of the President. This tribunal is a board of appeal, and it can decide only by unanimous vote, though it may publish majority and minority opinions. It is a passive body. It decides cases that come to it from the Regional Boards. It decides specific cases when they reach it. It appears to have no original and no general powers of investigation.

The Regional Boards are located in areas similar to those prevailing under the Federal Reserve system. There is a regional chairman in each appointed by the President for three years. There are also regional panels of employers, classified by industries, and of employees classified by industries and sub-classified by crafts. The chairman chooses members of the regional boards in rotation from these panels. In case of a dispute each side selects a representative to the Regional Board, and the chairman selects two representatives from the employers' and the employees' panel. The Board of Adjustment thus consists of a chairman appointed by the President, a direct appointee of each party to the dispute, two employers and two employees not directly engaged in the dispute. Against the panel representatives each side is permitted a certain number of peremptory challenges.

Seven people thus make up a Regional Board of Adjustment. The fact that the disputants have selected their members of this board is an agreement that they will not strike, or lock out, or discharge men, or lower wages, or in any way disturb the status at the time the dispute arose. The members of the conference need hardly to be told how contentious a principle they have adopted, and it is a little difficult to see why they did not instead choose the principle that all decisions shall be predated to the time the dispute arose, and why they did not give the Board power to fix arbitrarily the conditions to be observed while the dispute is being argued.

In case either side does not appoint the representatives to the Board, it is not a Board of Adjustment but a Board of Inquiry. The side that does select a representative may sit with the Board. If neither selects a representative the Board still exists. It reports within thirty days, and may publish majority or minority reports. The Board of Inquiry may be transformed into a Board of Adjustment whenever both sides send representatives to it.

Failing a unanimous decision, the dispute may go to an umpire unanimously chosen, or to the National Industrial Tribunal.

The immense advantages of such a system over the lack of any system must be patent. One has only to think of it in connection with the recent coal, steel, and longshoremen's strikes to see how great would have been the advantages of such nearly impartial public authorities as those proposed. They would throw light where light is more needed. They would be a counter-weight to the organized propaganda and censorship which have prevailed. They would inject a minimum of argument into a maximum of invective. They would relieve incompetents like Mr. Palmer and Judge Anderson of the necessity of obtruding their ignorance upon delicate public affairs, and they would relieve Judge Gary of the high privacy and Olympian silence by means of which he has distracted the morale of his industry.

And yet, welcome as the establishment of such machinery would be, it has certain fundamental defects which a wise government would take seriously into account. Aiming as it does to establish law and order in industry, it provides no means for the development of industrial law. Each dispute apparently rests on its own foundation, is unrelated to other disputes, and is unrelated to the general life of the community. There is no provision by which the regional boards can be guided by any unified body of national doctrine. They avert or postpone as best they can. They are inert until there is trouble. They tackle each dispute when it is about to be a strike or lockout, not sooner. They are peacemakers the day before war is declared, not peacemakers while men are still peaceable.

And even then they can settle disputes only as between the disputants. Yet as the authors of the report know, many a dispute is due to causes lying altogether outside the competence of the employer or the employee. This is true, for example, of all the consequences of high prices. It is true, as the conferees recognize somewhat in Part IV, of all disputes where wages are related to prices or rates, or to capitalization or other features of management. Surely the National Industrial Tribunal de-

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serves much broader powers than those implied in a mere board of appeal. Surely that tribunal should have power to recommend legislation to Congress, should have power to advise and to criticize the administrative handling of disputes by the government, and should have greater powers of investigation into all phases of industrial unrest. A body with these powers is indispensable. Why should the National Industrial Tribunal not assume them? Some body must do what this conference has perhaps wisely declined to do. Some body must continuously investigate the relation of labor to capital. Some body must be charged with the initiation of constructive measures. That body must be representative. It must occupy a high place in the structure of government. The proposed tribunal could meet these requirements.

It may be that an appellate body would not have time to be also an investigating and semi-legislative body. That is arguable. But the functions of wide investigation and general legislation for industry can neither be averted nor postponed. If the Tribunal cannot perform them, then the conferees ought to consider before issuing their final report whether they will not propose in addition to the Tribunal, a small representative senate of industry, dealing not with specific disputes, but with the general principles and general disorders underlying specific disputes. To avert and to postpone are useful objects if they provide the time and the means to seek remedies. If they are an end in themselves, they are mere evasion, and great problems that are simply evaded recur later in aggravated form.

Burleson and the Call

EVEN THE conservative press has been unable to stomach the sweeping claim of arbitrary and unreviewable power of censorship which Mr. Burleson has made in his answer to the New York Call's mandamus proceedings. Such publications as the New York Evening Post, the World, the Globe, and even The Review, have roundly condemned the Postmaster General. It is not too much to say that if such a power exists, and is permitted to continue, there is hardly a publication in the country which is safe.

The case of the New York Call is an instructive one, for it shows how an autocratic and unscrupulous administrator acting under the barest shadow of legal right can successfully exercise powers which Congress has repeatedly and emphatically denied him.

The Call is a daily paper published in New York, on a cooperative non-profit-making basis, and is the official organ of the Socialist Party of New York, a party which at the last election polled over 100,000 votes. It threw its influence against the participation of the United States in the war, and published repeated and violent attacks upon the motives and policies of the Administration, and of the Allied governments, taking the position that the war was a capitalists' war, and that political opposition to the war was to the best interests of the working class. It did not, however, advocate violation of law, or resistance to lawful authority. From time to time the Postmaster General declared particular issues of the Call non-mailable under the Espionage Law, and refused to transmit them to their subscribers.

If Mr. Burleson had contented himself with excluding particular issues of the Call from the mails, for specific and valid reasons, he would not have laid himself open to serious criticism. Congress had expressly given him this power, and it was a necessary one, although open to serious abuse in the hands of a Burleson. But the Postmaster General did not rest there.

The postal laws require the Postmaster General to grant second class mailing privileges to every newspaper or periodical publication issued at stated intervals, for the dissemination of public information, and having a legitimate list of subscribers, so long as it is not designed primarily for advertising purposes. There is nothing in the postal laws which authorizes him to refuse or revoke the second class privileges of any newspaper because of its editorial opinions, or because it prints "seditious" or "radical" reading matter. If a newspaper violates any law, its editors can be indicted, tried by jury, and fined or sentenced to prison. If any particular issue of the paper contains matter in violation of law, that issue can be held up, and refused passage through the mail, whether first class, second class or third class. But a publication can be permanently refused second class privileges only on the ground that it is not a "newspaper" as defined in the postal laws.

These restrictions, carefully drawn by Congress around the postal censorship, have not troubled Mr. Burleson in the least. For more than two years he has excluded the New York Call from the second class mails, and he still, more than a year after the armistice, persists in his course. He has done so on the amazing ground that the Call, because it has in his opinion violated the Espionage Law, is not a newspaper at all! And this decision, that the Call is not a "newspaper," he now claims to be unreviewable by any court of the United States. The result is that the Call, however law-abiding its policy may be in the future, is excluded by administrative fiat from the second class mails, for alleged violations

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of law for which it has never been indicted, and of which it has never been convicted by a jury. If the Call violated the Espionage Law, why are not its editors indicted, tried and sent to prison? Is it because the government fears to put its case before an impartial jury of twelve citizens, and prefers to obtain a conviction from an arbitrary and partisan political appointee? If the Call is non-mailable, why is it not excluded from the mails completely, instead of being permitted to circulate by paying first class postage? Is it not because Mr. Burleson wishes to avoid the safe-guards which Congress has drawn around the power of exclusion, and prefers to act under a usurped power which Congress refused to grant, and around which there are, therefore, no safeguards?

The preposterous claim of the Postmaster General that the New York Call, a daily paper with nearly 35,000 circulation, is not a newspaper at all, may safely be left to the courts to deal with. It is as if the Pennsylvania Railroad were to refuse to sell Victor Berger a railway ticket, on the ground that having been convicted of violating the Espionage Law, he was no longer a "person." If Mr. Burleson can declare, without review by the courts, that the Call is not a newspaper, he can declare that the New York Tribune, or the Washington Post, or the Boston Transcript is not a newspaper, and no one will have any redress. It is apparent, however, that Mr. Burleson himself feels that he is on shaky legal ground. The Call lost its second class privileges on November 13, 1917. Soon after the armistice, on January 9, 1919, the Call formally applied for re-admission to the second class mails. For five months the Post Office Department held the application "under consideration," and then gave the Call an oral hearing at Washington. Six months more elapsed without a decision, despite repeated demands on the part of the Call, which was in the meantime compelled, at great financial loss, to distribute its issues by hand, or in the first class mail. It was not until after mandamus proceedings had been instituted that a reply was received formally denying the application. It is apparent that Mr. Burleson was stalling for time, afraid to take affirmative action and thus invite a judicial contest.

The case of the New York Call is one that Congress will do well to investigate. That the Call happens to be a Socialist publication, and that it pursued a policy during the war which was, in our opinion, as mistaken as it was unpopular, does not affect the situation. A precedent which allows the reactionary Burleson to harass a Socialist paper may permit some future radical administration to harass a conservative newspaper whose policy it does not like. The conduct of the Postmaster General is driving all newspapers, whatever their political opinions, and all citizens who believe in the freedom of the press, to make common cause. We recommend it especially to the attention of those Senators and Congressmen who believe that when Congress expressly declines to give a dangerous and arbitrary power to an administrative official it means what it says, and is not to be circumverted by verbal legerdemain.

Amnesty

ANY one who looks at the sentences imposed upon the heretics of the war knows that sooner or later amnesty must be granted. What is the rational test of amnesty? It is that no one shall be imprisoned after the conclusion of a war for an act that would not be a crime in time of peace. To imprison him in time of war for ideas and words and refusals which endanger the safety of the country is a precaution which is sound just about in proportion to the moderation with which it is exercised. But to continue to imprison him when the enemy is prostrate, starving, and disarmed is not a precaution at all, but punishment or revenge.

Now in the American theory of government the government is not omnipotent. Its powers are derived, and some powers are never granted to it in time of peace. Among these is any authority to abrogate liberty of speech, conscience, and assemblage. These rights belong to the individual, and government can only trespass upon them in time of war when the safety of the nation clearly demands it, and in time of peace to prevent ordinary, vulgar crimes. Any trespass upon liberty of conscience must be clearly justified by proof that it will threaten the security of the state in the face of an enemy or that it will produce directly a crime. The burden of proof is on the government. The presumption is in favor of every one who is a prisoner for conscience's sake. And when it can be shown that an offense during a war would not be an offense during peace, there ceases to be any justification for imprisonment as soon as peace has arrived. In any case of this kind no American government true to itself can decline amnesty.

That peace has arrived every one will admit who is not bent on quibbling. The quarrel between the President and the Republican Senators has nothing to do with the matter. The prisoners for conscience are prisoners for one reason only that an enlightened government could propose. They are prisoners to prevent them from aiding an enemy who has armed forces in the field. Those forces are scattered, their remnants are begging

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in the streets of Berlin or writing memoirs trying to find excuses for themselves. They cannot be a danger to us, or we should not have withdrawn our army from France, sent ships to their ports, opened the mails, sold and bought goods in trade with their countrymen. If they are not a danger to us, then those who were conscientious objectors to the war with them are no danger to us. If we can make peace with the compatriots of Ludendorff, we can make peace with our own prisoners.

While the argument from reason is perfect, two things stand in the way of reason. One is a certain amount of popular resentment against these prisoners; the other is the timidity of politicians. The answer to the resentment is that mercy, especially when it is based on reason, honors every one who exercises it. It is one of the prime attributes which has raised Lincoln to his place among the heroes of the world. His power to forgive, his willingness to lay aside resentments, his magnanimity at the most critical period of our national life are permanent parts of our heritage. He who does not feel that, does not know it in his bones, and knowing it wish to imitate it, is indeed a petty and a sour American. If he happens to hold office, if his is the legal power to grant amnesty, above all if he is one of those who trumpeted their humanity and their love of liberty, if in spite of all, he does not for fear of criticism exercise mercy, then he is of those upon whom men ultimately pronounce a doom that, knowing the better way, they chose the worse.

Re-Nationalize the Coal Industry

THE most interesting thing about the members of the new Coal-Wages Commission is that two of the three of them disagreed with Mr. Garfield a year ago regarding wages. These two are Mr. Peale and Mr. White. They said then that Mr. Garfield was wrong in refusing to advance the wages of the bituminous miners. And they said it with intimate authority and with complete information. They were then joint-directors of the Labor Bureau of Mr. Garfield's Fuel Administration; and the coal industry was then nationalized in a certain primary and essential respect—namely:

The facts regarding the costs of producing coal and regarding the margins between costs for the operators and prices to the consumers were then nationally gathered and nationally precisely known.

Mr. White and Mr. Peale at that time made a further recommendation. They recommended that the Fuel Administration should be continued in a "modified form until conditions in the coal industry became normal." Among those parts of it which they wished to see continued were "The Joint Labor Adjustment Board" and "The Price Engineers." They predicted that the sudden removal of the "restrictions" which had been placed on the coal industry would create "a chaotic condition." They are now called on to deal with that condition. Having foreseen its cause, they may be expected to have eyes for its remedy.

But first they may be expected—or, at any rate, should be expected—to act on the findings which they made a year ago regarding the wage-fund then available in the coal industry for the wage-increase which Mr. Garfield then refused to grant. That wage-increase was formally demanded by the miners. We must not forget that in continuous fact it was the same wage-increase which the miners were demanding a year later and which led to the strike. It grew in the meantime, in their calculation of its proper size; but they began demanding it in the fall of 1918; and they argued for it on the basis of the cost of living and on the basis of *the profits then being made by the operators;* and Mr. White and Mr. Peale jointly and officially sustained them. They sustained them at the time; and then, afterwards, on January 6, 1919, in their formal final report on their management of their office, they respectfully but vigorously told Mr. Garfield that "subsequent events" had justified them in sustaining them.

The words that Mr. White and Mr. Peale used should now be remembered. It should also be remembered that both Mr. White and Mr. Peale had long been familiar with wage-conditions and wage-controversies in the coal industry. Mr. White, as a former leader of the United Mine Workers, was thoroughly familiar with them in a broadly national way; and Mr. Peale had taken a frequent and a prominent part as a coal-operator, and as a representative of other coal operators, in composing the wage-scale agreements between the organized employers and the United Mine Workers in one of the most important coal-districts of the country—District Number Two—Central Pennsylvania. On January 6, 1919, Mr. White and Mr. Peale told Mr. Garfield that in the late summer of 1918 "we pointed out to you that you would be confronted by an open demand for an increase in wages by the United Mine Workers," and:

"We recommended to you that a wage increase be granted the mine workers and that the operators be required to meet it out of the existing selling price of coal. This in our judgment, was the only

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way by which the situation could be adequately met. That the operators in the bituminous regions could afford to pay the wage-increase out of the existing government-prices was fully substantiated by subsequent events."

It was *"fully substantiated by subsequent events."* In other words, the operators were subsequently *shown* to have been making the profits which Mr. White and Mr. Peale claimed they were making. They were *shown* to have been able to give a wage-increase without exacting a price-increase. The currently gathered facts on which Mr. White and Mr. Peale were acting were fully substantiated by the finally accumulated facts. At that time we possessed facts. And so two questions arise.

The first is:

Will Mr. White and Mr. Peale now find a way in which the profits then unfraternally retained by the capitalistic brothers in the coal industry can be reached and can be justly distributed to the proletarian brothers? If labor went on short rations of wages then, will Mr. White and Mr. Peale put capital on short rations of profits now for a while?

The second question is:

Will Mr. White and Mr. Peale confer a permanent favor on this country by giving us not only a wage-decision but an emphatic forward lead toward an immediate resumption of "restrictions" on ignorance and on governmental waywardness in the coal industry?

Mr. Garfield's Fuel Administration, at just about the time when "subsequent events" had shown that the coal operators were capable of giving a wage-increase, was suspended. It was not revived till the lack of that wage-increase had brought this nation through national injustice to national peril.

Mr. White and Mr. Peale wanted a modified Fuel Administration until conditions in the coal industry should become normal. Those conditions will never be normal again in the sense in which the word normal was then hopefully or diplomatically used. The relations between operator and consumer, the relations between operator and miner, in this age of mounting query and quarrel, will never again come to peace through competitive darkness. The first price of normality henceforward is socialistic light. Call it socialistic. Call it bureaucratic. The only light that can shine with authority is socialistic, bureaucratic, official, public, national. Nationalization to the extent of drastic national political pressure growing out of that knowledge is now the minimum of the socializing of coal.

Mr. White and Mr. Peale, on their record, raise the hope that they will strive to give it to us and to leave behind them a restored and continuing Fuel Administration in the United States.

H. R. 9783

BY an overwhelming majority, the House of Representatives has passed the bill sponsored by Representative Good, of Iowa, and intended to provide a national budget system for the United States. The bill is the response to a long and persistent agitation. It is more than a decade since every student of American administration became convinced that a thorough revision of the national financial methods was essential. Politicians like Mr. Taft, experts like Mr. Charles Beard and Mr. F. A. Cleveland, Chambers of Commerce, Congressmen of first-rate distinction like Mr. J. J. Fitzgerald and Mr. Swagar Sherley, have all given their blessing to that effort. The high reputation of the British budget-system led early to a concentration upon that technical instrument as the ideal end. The Republican party adopted a conviction of the need for a budget partly in response to overwhelming public sentiment, partly because not even the United States can afford appropriations of the present size without a careful scrutiny into their justification. This bill is intended to ameliorate the present condition.

The bill was not adopted without careful inquiry. A special committee was appointed which held hearings; and the volume of its evidence occupies nearly eight hundred closely printed pages. Executive officers of experience like Mr. Taft, ex-Secretary Stimson, and Franklin Roosevelt; students like Mr. Charles Beard and Mr. F. A. Cleveland; former chairmen of the Committee on Appropriations like Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Sherley; governors of states with a budget of their own like Mr. Lowden; engineers, business men, accountants; all these gave evidence of the way in which order should be evolved from chaos. They did not, indeed, agree among themselves; and not infrequently they disagreed with the committee. But at least they all disliked the pork-barrel system; and most of them saw that to apportion the budget between an odd dozen separate committees was bound to do grave harm. Those who had specially studied the English system testified to its special merits; and they all clearly thought it superior to the American save in the legislative scrutiny of separate items. All agreed that the executive organ is there less irresponsible, more careful in detail, more accurate in the moderate statement of need. Mr. Stimson and Mr. Roosevelt made it

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obvious to any objective-minded reader that under the present system the technique by which Congressional approval is ultimately obtained is financially wasteful, administratively destructive, and ruinous to the morale of the departments.

But the Congressional committee was, as it seems, unconvinced. In the hearings themselves there is enough evidence and to spare of its anxiety rather to blame the departments for the present situation than broadly to recognize the root of the existing evil. The Chairman, for example, does not believe in the existence of the pork barrel; and he is very angry at men for praising the British system because the British Committee on Public Expenditure has recently doubted whether that system is not in need of readjustment. He does not think that Congressmen give special attention to their districts. The whole fault, in his mind, lies in the lack of interest in financial soundness displayed by the departments. It does not matter that Mr. Stimson or Mr. Roosevelt quote instance after instance of the way in which Congress has hampered the efficiency of their work. It does not matter that, to the outsider, the ultimate bearing of the hearings is a struggle for financial control between executive and legislature with knowledge on one side and power on the other. For the chairman, Congress is a uniquely admirable instrument; and it is in terms of that belief that he has framed his bill.

A budget can be either executive or legislative. In the first event the effort is to make the Cabinet as a whole, either through the President or the Secretary of the Treasury, responsible for the estimates; in the second the center of effective financial control passes to the Houses of Congress. In the present bill, in substance, though not in form, it is the second method that has been adopted. A budget bureau is created under the President which is on the first day of each regular session to transmit a budget to Congress. Henceforth, that is to say, the Treasury is not to scrutinize the estimates of other departments. To it are left the collection of revenue and those other matters, such as Coast Guard, War Risk Insurance, Public Health, which so obviously belong to other Cabinet offices. In addition an office of Comptroller-General is created to perform the general functions of audit; and all powers of audit at present existing are transferred to his department. The Bill does not say on what terms the Budget Comptroller is to retain office; the officer in charge of the Audit is to hold office subject to removal by petition of both Houses of Congress. It should be added that neither officer is given power to scrutinize the expenditure either of the Supreme Court or of Congress itself.

Let us examine this bill in the first place from the standpoint of the executive. No mistake could be more clear than to make the President responsible for the construction of the budget. The President of the United States is, or should be, the most hardworked official in the world. By the nature of his functions he has neither time nor energy for any questions save those of general outline. He can discuss a problem; he cannot be expected to know the details of a problem. He must rely, that is to say, upon his colleagues for all the methods by which the results desired are to be attained. What is the relation of this new Budget officer to this position? All matters of policy can be ultimately translated into terms of finance. If the budget-maker be a strong man and the President weak, the center of control will be in a civil servant outside at once of the Cabinet and Congress; if the President be strong the budgetary official will have no place in the system. And if the budget official be weak he will be at the mercy either of the Cabinet or of such congressional influences as make their way to his department. The whole purpose of cabinet-government, that is to say, is in reality frustrated by giving over to the President a function for which he is unfitted by the very nature of his duties. He can no more attend to them than a modern Prime Minister could hope to be an efficient Chancellor of the Exchequer. The obvious place for budget-making is, as Mr. Cleveland pointed out in the Hearings, with the Secretary of the Treasury. He can debate their estimates with his colleagues upon an equal footing. He has a special relation to finance. He has the necessary general interest in the success of the administration. He has therein the leverage to become the financial watchdog of the administration. The President can be none of these things. His Cabinet will always remember that he knows only what his Director of the budget tells him. It will know, too, that the latter is not the official equal of its members. It will know that they can always go behind him to members of Congress. Not a single existing evil, that is to say, except the forms of financial statement, will be remedied by this bill on its executive side. On the contrary, its reservoir of contingent difficulties ought to arouse the indignation of every student of political method.

Nor is it an improvement on the legislative side. It does not do away with a multiplicity of finance committees in Congress. It does not at any point restrict the power of the committees to increase any item they please in the budget. New buildings can still be provided in cities where they are not needed; rivers can still be deepened without regard

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to the volume of traffic. The budget is nowhere given relation to the financial measures actually to be adopted. Congress leaves itself free to be guilty of all the errors of the present system; while it weakens the executive by taking its center of financial control outside its obvious residence in the Cabinet.

Mr. Good, in his Report upon the measure, suggests that some will think this an executive budget and claim that the "duty of making appropriations is a legislative rather than Executive prerogative." It is difficult to see why anyone should leave its reading with such suspicion. The budget undoubtedly emanates from an office under the President; but there its executive character ends. On the whole, the bill will rather serve to intensify Congressional control of finance by making the items of government more open to the scrutiny of committees. There is a real sense in which that is desirable; but it is not a sense related to the facts of the present financial system. Nor can one see why the expenditures of Congress and the Supreme Court are to be considered immune from executive criticism. The item of congressional mileage is small; but few things are more indicative of the vicious circle of American finance. The situation that really needs amending is not one where Congress jealously scrutinizes the minute details of finance, many of which are inevitably, from their expert and technical character, beyond its understanding, but where it is in a position to put into the largest perspective its criticism upon the policies of the executive.

For here, after all, is the root-problem of modern American government. The separation of powers has broken down. In an age of positive statesmanship it is inevitable that the center of legislative initiation should belong to those who are to administer legislation . Finance, in that aspect, is valuable in two regards. It is important, in the first place, as a basis for the criticism of policy. A man uho does not like the methods of the Federal Reserve Board can criticise it upon the basis of its suggested appropriation. It is important, in the second place, as a basis for measuring administrative efficiency. If the estimates of the Navy Department show that the beds in its hospital cost more than the beds in the hospital of the War Department, there is clear ground for an inquiry. But anyone who has watched the process of finance in America cannot help being convinced that it is exactly these things that are outside the technique adopted by the Congressional Committees. And, as the system works, when the policy of Congress is given to the public, there is rarely sufficient evidence to know why the executive estimates have been rejected and what are the grounds upon which the new estimates have been substituted. Not one of the evils complained of by men such as Mr. Fitzgerald or Mr. Freear, both speaking with an intimate knowledge of Congressional procedure, can be met merely by attacking the executive side of the case.

A real solution must go deeper; and when Congress has the courage to face its real conditions it will find that far more is involved than the Good Committee has realized. It will start from a consideration of Congressional procedure. That will ultimately involve the reference of financial problems to a single committee whose report will be fully debated by the whole House. It will probably involve, as Mr. Taft's Commission on Economy long ago advised, the appearance of Cabinet members upon the floor of the House. It will involve the acceptance of that cardinal point of British financial procedure by which the government proposals may be reduced but upon no account increased by the legislature. The equality of House and Senate in financial matters will have to undergo drastic revision; to-day its main result is the conference which serves only to increase the present evils. Steps will have to be taken to prevent the passage of what is in fact legislation under the guise of finance; a vicious procedure of which the recent literary test for immigrants is a sufficient example. In things such as these, lies the heart of the American administrative problem; and by whatever tests it be tried the bill now before the Senate is at no point of importance at all likely to render any service save that of increasing an intolerable confusion.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRES.; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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William Z. Foster

MR. FOSTER is an extreme case of the heretic turned churchman.

In days gone by he was a wanderer. He was brought up (as he told the Senate Steel-Strike Committee) "in the slums." He "knocked about in the industries." But he did more. He knocked about in ideas, from man to man and from place to place.

In Chicago he happened once to see a labor paper published in Seattle. "The editor of that paper," he said to himself, "is a man I want to talk to." He had no money. But without money and by stray jobs and stray trains he proceeded west and south-west to Los Angeles, and so to San Francisco, and so to Seattle, and saw his man.

Mediaeval students got their education wandering from university to university. Mr. Foster wandered for education from labor group to labor group.

The Senate Steel-Strike Committee asked him what position he now took toward the idea of government. He answered succinctly:

"I take the position that Lester F. Ward takes." Senator Sterling was puzzled. "That what?" said he.

"Lester F. Ward," said Mr. Foster.

"Who is Lester F. Ward?" said Senator Sterling.

Senator Sterling is a university man. For ten years he was dean of a law school. He was dean of that school in 1903.

Lester F. Ward was a resident of Washington. He began being a resident of Washington shortly after the Civil War. By 1903 he had published his Dynamic Sociology and his Psychic Factors of Civilization and his Pure Sociology and was elected president of the European Institut International de Sociologie. The date of his death was 1913.

Senator Sterling was elected to the Senate in 1913. Mr. Ward was a government employee. Senator Sterling in 1913 became a legislative government employee. Six years have passed. Senator Sterling, a literate Senator, seems to have been able to live in our capital city for six years without encountering anywhere in his circle of acquaintances any recognized vestiges, written or spoken, of our capital city's most distinguished scientific philosopher.

Such is the organization of the society which we are called on to defend in the name of enlightenment against the dark forces of the working-class upheaval.

Mr. Foster, out of the slums, and wandering on the front ends of baggage cars, was able to find Herbert Spencer and Lester F. Ward and Georges Sorel and Emile Pouget. He found also the Industrial Workers of the World. Mr. Manley of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, now an organizer in the steel strike, has told me of the circumstances of that finding.

Mr. Foster was in some western city—Spokane, I think—doing correspondence for a labor paper. In that city there were members of the I. W. W. endeavoring to speak on street corners. There were other citizens endeavoring to prevent them from speaking. Mr. Foster took sides. He sided with the I. W. W., and went to jail, and had a chain on his leg, and joined the I. W. W.

Whereafter he wandered to Europe. I have talked with him particularly about his wanderings there. They were decisive for him. There he saw The Light. It did not shine from Germany or from England. It shone from France. It was the Confédération Général du Travail.

In that assemblage of French labor forces and of French labor philosophies—moderate, radical, socialist, anarchist, syndicalist, anti-syndicalist, wild and tame, Grand Right and Left, "revolutionaries" and "evolutionaries" all together—Mr. Foster saw a star of guiding for the labor movement everywhere. He has seen and followed it ever since. He has followed the star of the catholic unity of The Labor Movement.

He returned to the United States full of zeal. He went to a national convention of the I. W. W. He spoke to the brothers. He told them that he had discovered the right thing for them to do. The right thing for them to do was to quit. The right thing for them to do was to abandon their coterie, abandon their sect, and join The Church, join the body of Labor Movement, join the American Federation of Labor.

Mr. Foster used a quite different language. He does not use the language of religion. The outcome is the same. Shall a movement for saving the world be split into diverging and babbling rivulets, each calling itself simon pure, or shall it flow on in one mighty stream, a bit turbid perhaps, but whole, ordered. and irresistible? Mr. Foster urged the I. W. W. to turn their rivulet back into the stream.

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This sinking suggestion the I. W. W. did not adopt. They remained stiff-necked in their heresy, and they continued to abide in their schismatic organization. Mr. Foster, having tried to save them, went away and joined the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen—an organization in full communion with the American Federation of Labor and Mr. Gompers.

As a carman, Mr. Foster worked at his trade. He can call himself a skilled workman. His specialty as a carman is to be a car inspector; and car inspectors get the highest standard rate paid to mechanics on railways.

So working at his trade, Mr. Foster was under observation by his union and by his union's officers. If Mr. Foster was boring at his union with an I. W. W. drill from within, he was boring at those officers, and they would know it. They were, and are, the best judges of their own self-preservation. They observed Mr. Foster, and they accepted him and ordained him to be an Organizer of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen.

Working as an Organizer, Mr. Foster grew in a certain essential knowledge. He grew in a knowledge of the inward moving forces of The Labor Movement. He had already written his pamphlet on Syndicalism. He now wrote his pamphlet on Trade Unionism.

In Syndicalism, Mr. Foster had argued that the "militant minority" of Labor should join The Labor Movement and make it militant. In Trade Unionism he argued that The Labor Movement is in itself, by its own nature, militant.

The Labor Movement cannot help conducting a continuous offensive. Trench by trench, mile by mile, inch by inch, it moves on. Conscious or unconscious, it proceeds to its grand objective, known or unknown. It may not declare. It acts. It goes as far at any given time as at that given time it can. It goes and gains. Nothing else gains. The Labor Movement, *The Trade Union Movement,* is the one authentic and certain organ of working-class destiny and of an emancipated world.

So argued Mr. Foster and so he concluded:

"*The Trade Union Movement is fighting the last battle between master and slave. Its inevitable triumph will mean the realization of the goal toward which humanity's noblest minds have turned for countless ages—the final overthrow of tyranny and the eternal ascendancy of liberty and justice. Be a man! Join the Trade Union Movement!*"

United States Senators may grieve and droop, thinking how Mr. Foster is undermining the Trade Union Movement. I shall worry when I see Mr. Gompers worrying. Mr. Gompers needs no worldly wisdom from anybody on the Hill, and he certainly needs no instruction in the salvation of trade-unionism from people who do not know the beginning of the trade-union creed.

The beginning of the trade-union creed may have something to do with unswerving absolute loyalty to The Trade Union Movement as existing, as organized, as officered, as led. Mr. Foster gives that loyalty and is known to give that loyalty.

The Brotherhood of Railway Carmen continued to retain him as Organizer. The Chicago Federation of Labor entrusted him with the details of the successful effort to organize the wage-earners of the Stock-Yards. Twenty-four unions of the American Federation of Labor entrusted him with the details of the ensuing successful effort to make an organization of wage-earners in the steel industry. And I subjoin certain facts which do not appear in the Senate Steel-Strike Committee's Report regarding these matters.

Judge Alschuler, a Federal judge, was United States Administrator to arbitrate the quarrels between Labor and Capital in the Stock-Yards. He saw Mr. Foster officially and frequently and revealingly. He saw him in actual action. He wrote a letter saying:

"In Mr. Foster's representation of the employees in the various controversies before me in which he participated he impressed me as being particularly intelligent, honorable, tactful, and fair. His manner of presentation and his occasional apt literary references led me to inquire of others as to his early advantages and I learned with wonder that they were absolutely nil and, on the contrary, all the reverse of advantages. If in his earlier wanderings he imbibed for a time fantastic, extreme and destructive social ideas, I am sure that nothing developed in the many conferences and hearings in which he participated which would indicate that he still harbored them."

Judge Alschuler is the best possible outside witness regarding Mr. Foster's present beliefs—in practice. Judge Alschuler is interred at page 393 of the Senate Steel-Strike Committee's Hearings. Not one line of him is quoted, or is considered, in the Report.

Next:

The present strike in the steel industry is managed through Organizers and through Local Secretaries. The temperament of the strike is projected to the strikers through them—solely through them. If the strike is I. W. W. in temperament, these men are I. W. W. in temperament. Who may they be?

The Organizers are chosen by the several and separate A. F. of L. unions which participate in the strike. The Secretaries are chosen through the

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grouped A. F. of L. unions which exist in the several and separate localities of the strike. And Mr. Foster himself is chosen, and continues to be chosen, by twenty-four A. F. of L. unions acting through twenty-four A. F. of L. hard-boiled Presidents.

These men—Organizers, Secretaries, Presidents,—are professional defenders of the A. F. of L. and professional haters of the I. W. W. They can tell an I. W. W. sort of fellow from an A. F. of L. sort of fellow by touch, sound, taste, sight and smell. They are the inside experts on inside borers. They know the strike, and they know Mr. Foster. They exonerate Mr. Foster. They sanction and sustain Mr. Foster.

The Report of the Senate Steel-Strike Committee makes nothing of them.

It dwells instead on Mr. Margolis and on Mr. St. John—a self-stated anarchist and an unrepentant I. W. W.

Mr. Margolis is said to have "rallied the I. W. W. and anarchistic elements in the Pittsburgh district to the support of the strike." Mr. St. John is said to have written a letter to Mr. Margolis in which he suggested that "if you have a chance to talk matters over with Mr. Foster, I think it would be a good thing to do."

Such is the peak of the proof against the Mr. Foster of to-day.

I would like to ask the members of the Senate Steel-Strike Committee a few questions.

Will they tell Mr. Foster how he can prevent Mr. Margolis from exhorting anarchists to "support" the strike? Will they tell Mr. Foster how he can prevent Mr. St. John from hoping that Mr. Margolis will have a "chance" to talk to him? Will they tell Mr. Foster where to look, in the strike itself, for that "powerful influence" which they say is exercised in it by "I. W. W.'s, Bolshevists and Anarchists"? Will they name one Organizer or one Secretary contributed to the strike by Mr. Margolis or by Mr. St. John or by any other I. W. W. or Bolshevist or Anarchist? Will they name one strike-bulletin issued in furtherance of I. W. W.'ism or Bolshevism or Anarchism? Will they name one strike-person of any sort or one strike-utterance of any sort controllable by Mr. Foster and propagating any I. W. W.'ism whatsoever or any Bolshevism whatsoever or any Anarchism whatsoever or any Syndicalism whatsoever or any Sovietism whatsoever in any way whatsoever? Will they? Can they? Do they?

They do not. The facts are undoubtedly against them.

The fact is that Mr. Foster saw Mr. Margolis, and, having seen him, refused to employ him in the strike. This fact appears on page 400 of the Hearings. It certainly does not appear in the Report.

The further fact is that Mr. St. John had likewise nothing to do with the strike and that when Mr. Margolis received Mr. St. John's letter he did not even mention it to Mr. Foster. This fact appears on pages 866-7 of the Hearings. It does not appear in the Report.

The final fact is that not one bit of propagating of "radical" doctrine has been done by Mr. Foster's strike-organization and that the agents of the Department of Justice have been unable to convict Mr. Foster of any such propagating and that the only important instances of any such propagating have been by enemies of the strike and by United States Senators.

Mr. Margolis was practicing law and theorizing anarchism in the privacy of Pittsburgh. The general American national public was without the slightest suspicion that he would not defend his wife from assault. The Senate Steel-Strike Committee summoned him to Washington. It put him on the stand. And it filled the next morning's newspapers with more agate lines of anarchism than had ever before reached the general public in our whole accumulated national history.

Mr. Foster had ceased to circulate his pamphlet on Syndicalism. He had long ceased to circulate it. The strikers had never seen one word of it. They had never seen one word of his discarded defense of the "lawless course" of the Syndicalistic "militant minority."

In action Mr. Foster was undoubtedly conducting a strike so lawful, so peaceful, so non-resistant, that not even Governor Sproule's venomously hostile State Government could breathe the slightest taint of violence upon him. The pamphlet on Syndicalism—the "lawless" teaching contained in the pamphlet on Syndicalism — was buried. The enemies of the strike dug it up. They reprinted it, *minus the union label.* They re-circulated it. They got it before the United States Senate. They pumped this dead trickle of "radicalism" to the top of the Capitol and made it run back to the eyes of all the strikers in all the newspapers of all the strike districts.

It is not Mr. Foster that is mad. It is the world of rulers.

The Senate Steel-Strike Committee, by reddening and blackening Mr. Foster, has reddened and blackened the whole of a great strike for elementary industrial representative rights. The Chairman of the Committee—Senator Kenyon, of Iowa—could

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have intended no conscious injustice. He long ago proved his independence of the wishes of wealth and his truth to the straight line of the verdict of his own vision. I believe he will some day admit that the madness of the ruling world of 1919, enveloping him, made him look at the strike through a red mist and that the "powerful influence" which he saw gesticulating Bolshevism on the Pittsburgh sky-line was wholly in the mist and utterly not in the strike. In the meantime Mr. Foster is not mad at all. He has gone sane.

The Twenty-Four Unions give him a job. He does it. The American Federation of Labor speaks. He listens. The Trade Union Movement decides. He acts. He wishes to go east-south-east. He is out-voted. The order is to go west-north-west. He goes. He is not wiser than the Trade Union Movement. He is not wiser than the body of the faithful. He is of that body. He moves with that movement. It takes its way, west-north-west, east-south-east, wiggling, wavering, strengthening, straightening out, to "*the final overthrow of tyranny and the eternal ascendancy of liberty and justice.*" He believes.

I have watched men, reporting them, for twenty years. This man is of the converts who are more Catholic than the Catholics. He is more trade-unionist then the trade-unionists. I have watched him. He moves slower than his Twenty-Four Unions. He moves actually behind his Twenty-Four Unions, not in front of them. He waits for authority. He follows it inch by inch, day by day.

Some day the Trade Union Movement may abolish the Wages-System. Some day it may abolish The Compulsive State. Some day. To-day The Trade Union Movement is trying to abolish primitive personal autocracy in wages and hours in the steel industry. To-day is sufficient. One step enough for Mr. Foster. He does not demand the details of the distant scene.

Mr. Foster is a Radical Regular. He will stay regular when many native-born Conservative Regulars might rebel. Why? It is as plain as light. In their regularity there is often only habit. In his there is a philosophy won after long wandering.

Well may Mr. Gary regret that ever that wandering ceased. Mr. Foster, a theoretical violent heretic of Labor, gave Mr. Gary no trouble. Mr. Foster, a pious churchman of Labor, ordered and orderly, gives Mr. Gary a lot of trouble. We hear Mr. Gary's tears falling. They fall on Mr. Foster's sad estate of syndicalistic sin. There is a slight error in their public direction. They ought to fall—and perhaps in private they do fall—on Mr. Foster's conversion.

WILLIAM HARD.

Letting the Lord Provide

A celebrated professor recently in an appeal for contributions to the Harvard teaching fund amused his audience by comparing himself to a sympathetic striker, he having just received a large increase in salary from his own university. Speaker and audience alike, however, overlooked a more humorous aspect of the situation in the delicate position of the teacher who, although he had received no increase at all, was asked to contribute to the fund. Possibly the speaker did not know that many of his own colleagues are underpaid. It is even possible that the trustees of the institution do not know it. Rumors have no doubt come to their ears, but just as a man who has never gone to work hungry has no real knowledge of what hunger is, so a trustee who has not recently reduced the cost of living to its lowest possible terms may not know just what a living wage at present is.

Of the difficulties of a man trying to subsist on three or four thousand dollars he has a better understanding as has been recently shown. But a man who has taught for a dozen years on a salary ranging from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars has surely reduced the problem of living to so exact a solution that any further increase is superfluous. The verdict seems to be that he has never needed the luxuries of life and is rapidly learning to dispense with the necessaries. It is like the question of colored labor in the South; when you ask a Virginia householder who pays his cook ten dollars a month how she can support her family on it, his answer is, "But think how cheaply they live."

I have a friend who says that the cause of discontent among the wives of the younger faculty members—the reckless young women with growing families—is that we are not content to live simply enough. By this she does not mean that our food or clothing are not sufficiently scant. She who runs may see that my winter suit is of the vintage of six years ago and my hat but one year younger. I think what she means is that in spite of discouragement and growing cares I still have a taste for books and recreation. I am dissatisfied because the end of the day finds me too tired to care to read the morning paper or to enjoy the visit of a friend. I should like to be able to afford a laundress once a week or even a woman to scrub the floors. I resent seeing my husband hang up the clothes for me each Monday noon while I prepare the pickup wash-day lunch; I even tire, night after night, of putting the children and myself to bed to the sound

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of his washing the evening dishes. I know as well as he does that he needs that extra half hour for his work. I have heard him say that because of the great size of his classes his papers have so accumulated that it has become a luxury for him to have time to do the reading his work requires.

For my husband is among those who by overwork and underpay help to keep the University out of debt. The fees from one of his courses alone will bring the University twelve hundred dollars. For teaching the course he receives a little more than three hundred dollars. To be sure there are other teachers receiving as much as a thousand dollars for a course which will bring in fees not over one hundred dollars. The University rightly refuses to value education or the worth of a teacher in terms of revenue. All education should be free from the thought of money. But unfortunately the young teacher has to think of money. He is rapidly reaching the place where he will be unable to think of anything else.

Let us set for a trial case the experiment of our own family—a normal family of two parents and two children—trying to live on our salary of two thousand dollars. Our rent is six hundred dollars. Groceries, meat, milk, and ice refuse to stay under another six hundred. Two hundred dollars is required for clothing, demanding only of clothes the rudimentary virtues of warmth and integrity. Insurance and taxes take another two hundred. Doctor and dentist bills average one hundred and fifty. Gas, light, and telephone total just fifty. This leaves a balance of two hundred dollars to be divided among service (a laundress alone will take three-fourths of it), church or charity, books, education, household replenishing, recreations, carfare, incidentals, and savings. It is easy to see why my husband is obliged to sell his time to any newspaper, woman's club, or other educational institution that can use him. Money becomes the paramount issue of our existence. Thoroughness and sincerity of work are obliged to take a secondary place.

The obvious answer to all this is, Why do they have children when they cannot afford them? I can remember having formerly wondered the same thing about my janitor's wife when I saw her looking tired and down at the heel. But now that our conditions are reversed, now that the janitor receives five hundred dollars a year more than my husband, in addition to saving six hundred dollars by obtaining his rent free, I object to having his wife question my right to a family. I see my children surreptitiously accepting gifts of apples and candy from her children where formerly favors went the other way, and I coldly turn my back.

We were away from home this summer when news reached us of the proposed increase of salaries in our institution. A thoughtful relative sent us a clipping telling of the fabulous ninety-five thousand dollars to be devoted to reducing the cost of living, or of bringing incomes up to meet it. We hastily divided ninety-five thousand by five hundred, the number of teachers, and set our portion down at about two hundred dollars.

My husband had at once three alternative suggestions for its use. One was a laundress, the second an initial payment on a bungalow in the suburbs; the third, and hardest to resist, the purchase of a second-hand Ford, that the children might have their essential daily airing without my having to tramp the streets with them each afternoon. The saving in shoe leather alone, he said, would pay for gasolene.

But I turned a deaf though not untempted ear to all these offers.

"That two hundred dollars," I said, "will exactly pay the initial doctor and hospital bill for a new baby in the spring."

He looked a bit stunned, but quickly rallied.

"We have three hundred dollars in the savings bank which we can draw for that," he suggested.

"That three hundred dollars painfully accumulated throughout six years," I quoted to him, "is to be touched only in case of sudden death or incapacitation. Besides," I added inconsequently, "it will take all of that to pay the maid whom you know we will have to have for six months afterwards. Unless," I amended, "we should put the baby on a bottle. In that case we can do without a maid."

I thought he looked a bit glum and I hastened on in the exposition of my plan.

"That two hundred dollars," I said, "being once added to your salary will not easily be taken from it again. That sum exactly represents the cost of food and clothing for one child for one year. We know this is so, for does not the income tax allow you two hundred dollars exemption for each child? We will feed and clothe the child till he is sixteen—he has to be a boy, you understand, for this scheme to work. By that time a college education will be in such disrepute that he will be glad to dispense with one. At sixteen, then, we will take him out of school and apprentice him either to a carpenter or a paper-hanger. At twenty he will have money in the bank. At thirty-five he will be rich. At fifty some university will confer a degree upon him for distinguished philanthropy, and he will have twenty years before him to devote to the culture and reading which his college-bred parents never had time for. He will have been spared years of arduous work and yet have acquired all the benefits of a

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college education; at the same time he will have built up a fortune for his children."

My husband didn't seem amused. He still believes in the benefits of a college education even though his doesn't enable him to make an adequate living. He always insists it would have done so if he had put it to any other use than helping to educate other young men. Besides, this two hundred dollars which was now to be ours altered all his outlook on life. He had great faith in the elasticity of that two hundred dollars. There were times when he even speculated as to whether his portion might not be more than that, since we were among those most poorly paid.

What, then, was our surprise, upon our return, to find that our share of the ninety-five thousand dollars had been estimated at exactly nothing. It was not a mere personal slight; none of our friends of the same rank and salary had received any increase either. Some of the faculty felt quite keenly on the subject. They said it was an attempt to starve out the younger men. I myself believed at first it was an effort to offset the effect of what might be considered too stringent an income tax. But upon examination the phenomenon appears to me to be a purely natural one. There is nothing in all matter which seeks its own with the swiftness and surety with which money does. You could not offer a man whose salary was three or four thousand dollars an increase of two hundred; you would as soon think of handing a dime to the head waiter. He had to have something he could see. Five hundred, seven hundred, or a thousand dollars was the least you could, in decency, offer him.

At this rate, of course, the ninety-five thousand dollars diminished on a rapidly sliding scale. It disappeared entirely before it reached the bottom of the ladder. The committee on the amelioration of living conditions was not to blame. It had done the best it could. Its only blunder lay in the fact that, like the wood-cutter in the Heine fable who tried to chop down a tree by lopping off the top branches, it had attacked the cost-of-living problem at the wrong end. But this, of course, is a purely personal view and may be biased.

I hope that our little contribution to the fund for underpaid Harvard teachers, to which we subscribed rashly when we thought our fortunes on the mend, will find its way into the pocket of some man who will know it is there. This is, I know, taking a sentimental view of the situation. It is like hoping that your Red Cross subscription was used to buy bandages or anaesthetics, instead of going into publicity work. But it is a hope that gives me great comfort. I am not comforted by the thought that it might go to some elderly, childless professor whose present salary, augmented by his private means, is more than he can spend.

But this, I understand, would never happen at Harvard, where the man of means teaches for a purely nominal sum, and the philanthropy of the profession, instead of being left to the over-worked instructor or assistant professor, becomes the privilege of the really big man who can afford the luxury of giving. One hears it called a vicious system, tending to aristocracy and intellectual snobbishness, but until the colleges have sufficient money to pay all their men a wage which will ensure them leisure for study and untroubled thought, who will say that it is not the better way?

Since this paper was written two things have happened to lend interest to the situation. One is that my husband, and others of the same rank, have been notified that their salaries are to be increased a hundred dollars a year, which will just pay our increase in rent. So that as our wealthier friends assure us on all sides, "There was no slight intended," and "The Lord does provide."

The other event of interest is the announcement by the official Bureau of Labor Statistics of a "health and decency" minimum wage of $2262. The budget, as itemized for government clerks, allows $170 more for food than my budget permits, $313 more for clothes, but places rent and light $200 lower than they can be obtained in the city in which we live. This disparity in housing costs should place a university minimum wage, if its teachers are to be allowed the same standard of health and decency as government clerks, at $2462.

Occupying the Rhineland

A YEAR has passed since the armies of the Allies entered the Rhineland. A relatively large Belgian army is still entrenched in the back yard of Dusseldorff; the British control the frontdoor of the Rhine at Cologne; the Americans with a small force are sharing their old sector with the French, while the French extend their occupation to the Swiss frontier. Curiously enough this occupation has aroused little more than the sentimental interest of the outside world. This is partly due to the silence covering most of the deliberations of the Armistice and of the Peace Commissions and partly to the fact that occupation—even to most of the Germans—seemed the logical consequence of defeat.

On various commissions in the Rhineland this last year, I have had an opportunity to study the problems raised by occupation there from more angles than otherwise would have been possible.

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There have been literally thousands of notes exchanged dealing with problems there. The two questions one is inclined to ask in studying them are: in how far have the decisions given by the Allies been warranted by military necessity or as military precaution; and in how far does this or that measure contribute to the general rehabilitation of this corner of Europe.

I have been entirely in sympathy with those who demand that the Germans be called upon for the fullest collaboration in the reconstruction of the devastated areas. Quite apart from the destruction caused by the fortunes of war, there was a systematic despoiling of the industries of Northern France and Belgium. I have visited many depots in Germany where the requisitioned machines have been stored. Many of them have not the slightest value to German industry and were taken and others smashed on the spot to eliminate future trade rivals. The industries of the Rhineland could play a large part in making right this damage, and, once occupation was decided upon, it was but natural that this be one of the leading considerations of the Allies. But was it?

The troops of the Allies entrenching along the Rhine was for the Germans a concrete symbol of defeat. It was also regarded by the High Command of the Allies as a necessary military precaution. Every measure should in their opinion be taken to make sure that the German army not begin operations again. The occupation would also be a very tangible pledge that Germany fulfill the armistice and peace pledges.

When the Allies entered Germany the beginning of December their armies were in open fighting formation, backed by heavy artillery and tanks. Strong points were cautiously approached. Means of communication between the occupied and unoccupied areas were cut off, and all bridges and roads were heavily guarded by barbed-wire and machine guns. All the machinery of an army in campaign was set in motion: requisitions, cantonment, and police control. Order has been maintained, and there have been no surprises from the enemy, and few casualties. A soldier like Marshal Foch is undoubtedly satisfied with occupation as a military operation.

But it is not irrelevent to add that the functioning of this military machine was immensely simplified by the fact that there were no enemy forces in wait across the Rhine to make trouble. The digging in on the Rhine was carried out with much earnestness, but with some futility. Even before the Allies entered Germany, the Germans were on the run for the Rhine. They only maintained as much order as was necessary to keep out of each others way. A few weeks later, the scattered remnants of the German army was throwing bombs with or at the Spartacists, peddling cigarettes on the streets of Berlin, or getting back to the farm.

The problems raised by the occupation of the Rhineland were far more complex than were military ones. In the many notes which have changed hands in reference to the Rhineland only a small part of those from the Germans deal with military matters. Many are requests from people to be permitted to visit friends, to go where there are mineral baths, or to ship their wares to the unoccupied territory. There are, too, any number of differences arising from requisitions: farmers who complain that their hay was taken, people who object to quartering troops, and the petty troubles which contact of groups with entirely different aims is bound to make.

Marshal Foch was inclined to disregard most of these other complaints as frivolous and of no importance. As a soldier he was, above all, interested in the purely military aspects of the occupation. In other commissions the fate of the little as of many big questions was much the same. The Rhineland Commissions were in Luxemburg, Paris or anywhere but on the Rhine. When they were not too far off, they were too busy, or too divided in opinion to operate effectively. In general, therefore, where there were political or economic interests in conflict with military considerations the latter were given preference.

This brings to light a fundamental difference in point of view between the Allies and the Germans in the armistice negotiations at Spa. Marshal Foch proposed to conduct them as between one army and another. The Germans, on the other hand, anxious to avoid the military consequences of defeat as far as possible and to bring their country back on a peace footing at the first opportunity, attempted to make the negotiations as between one nation and another. They had a representative at Spa from their Foreign Office, several publicists, manufacturers for industrial questions and in all as many civilians as soldiers.

The Germans were prompt to adopt the democratic vocabulary of the Allies as their own. They made their protests in the name of freedom of peoples, and the rights of self-determination. Mr. Wilson's speeches were constantly quoted. At each new military demand of the Allies, they protested in the name of the millions of underfed Germans who would suffer as a result of it. No opportunity was lost to show the dislocation which the economic life of the Rhineland or of Germany would receive

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from this or that restriction. The Germans were quick to see that purely economic considerations would give the armies of occupation but limited freedom, while if they operated with the latitude of military expediency they could do almost anything.

But other aspects of the occupation than the purely military one have contributed to the highly unstable general situation. If the Rhine presents a natural limit for military operations—and even this is doubtful as the occupation of the bridge-heads shows—the contrary is true of it as a limit for the economic life of the region. The Rhine was the main thoroughfare of western Europe. The economic life on both sides of it was closely interwoven. To make the river a limit was as arbitrary as to draw a line through the main street of a town and then, with the butcher on one side and the baker on the other, to expect each to be self-sufficing.

The coal and the iron basins of Lorraine, of the Saar, and of the Ruhr formed an industrial unit upon which depended the development not only of western Germany but of France, Luxemburg and Belgium. These regions were also directly dependent upon one another. The minette (ore with a high sulphureous content) from Lorraine fed the furnaces of the Ruhr and was necessary in the smelting processes used there. At the same time the Ruhr cokes and coal were an essential to the smelters of the Saar and of Lorraine.

This interdependence is true of other commodities. Much of the leather for example used in making shoes and fancy goods is dressed in the Rhineland. It is then sent to other parts of Germany such as Leipzig and Offenbach to be manufactured. The finished wares then of course are consumed in the country at large. This is more striking in the manufacture of oleomargarine. The fats come from all parts of Germany, but the only factories are in the Rhineland.

For many weeks after the Armistice the Rhineland was hermetically sealed to the outside world. During the first months little came in and nothing went out. The people in the Rhineland were in a desperate plight. They could not sell their wares to Germany nor to the Allies and they had difficulty in importing enough to meet their most urgent needs. During this period the Allies were discussing the policy to adopt toward the Rhineland. While deciding whether the people should receive favored treatment over the rest of Germany the patient might have died. The Germans there then made up their mind that nothing was to be looked for from the Allies.

For a time factories simply closed down. In the late Spring many began operating again. Shortage of raw materials led to the concentration of production to the factories best adapted to large scale production. This renewed activity however was short lived. Most of the factories have again closed down from want of coal and raw materials. The significance of this to the Allies is that these are the factories best adapted to participate in the work of reconstruction. On their functioning depends much of Germany's ability to meet reparation demands. Unrest from chomage in the Rhineland spreads to the Saar and to Alsace. It is then in France and infectious there. The French are learning that order and prosperity cannot exist on one side of the line with chaos on the other.

Commercial conditions in the Rhineland are in complete confusion. On occupation, for a time everything stopped. Later commercial relations between the Rhineland and the rest of Germany and the outside world have been so hemmed in by petty regulations that trade instead of taking normal channels has in large part flowed into subterranean ones.

During the war the Germans developed remarkable dexterity in evading the food-control. The temptation of large profits has made the Rhineland an Eldorado for adventurers and smugglers. As articles of luxury give the largest return, the country has been flooded with perfumes, chocolate, cheap champagnes, and silks. The prices of these wares are so high that most of the people cannot buy them. When they are told in the stores that there are no potatoes, or that their small fat ration cannot be distributed, but see the windows loaded down with hams, cakes, and wines for those who can pay, they do not go home happy.

Central Europe in this respect has become very much like Constantinople before the war. In the large hotels everything could be had. After a copious dinner from caviar to coffee one could go out on the streets and find people in every stage of starvation. It is still possible in Germany today to hit the high spots, the large hotels in the big cities, to dine well, and leave with an impression that Germany has plenty to eat. But most of this food is contraband. Bringing it into the country merely contributes to upsetting the exchange, and increasing the general unrest.

Erzberger referred to the occupied area as "the open wound in the West." Everyone and everything can go in and out through this door. Customs have become a farce in Germany. Swedish exporters to German cities on the Baltic find it cheaper to ship their wares around to Belgium, bring them into

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the Rhineland, and then ship them across Germany.

The German Government has been negotiating with the Rhineland Commission to remedy this. Curiously enough the opposition to closing the customs frontier comes from the French. Since the Armistice, French exporters have done an enormous business with the Rhineland. But it has not been in articles of first necessity nor in articles which give an impetus to French industry. Many French speculators have made large profits, but France as a whole has gained little from this trade. On the contrary, it puts the promises of M. Klotz, the optimistic and imaginative French Minister of Finance, and the hopes of the people that the "Germans will pay everything" even further in the realm of unrealities.

SANFORD GRIFFITH.

A COMMUNICATION

While Europe Perishes

SIR: Now that my New Republic is reaching me regularly I feel that I am once more in intelligent and sympathetic touch with America. But the tone of your comments on events on this side makes me doubt whether you are altogether in intelligent and sympathetic touch with Europe. So I hope you will allow me to unburden myself to you on the subject. My only claim for doing so is that I am several thousand miles nearer to the scene than you are and that I really do care, and care intensely, about the fate of the Old Continent.

What I have to say has nothing to do with the Peace Treaty or the question of mandates in the Near East. Nor has it anything to do with Russia. These thorny questions which, because they excite domestic controversy, have been too much in the foreground, I leave on one side! I want to draw your attention to the plight of the Western and Central portion of the Old Continent from the North Sea to the Balkans and Poland.

I know that you are vaguely aware that this part of the habitable globe, the home of what we know as "European Civilization" is in a bad way. You are sorry about it. You hoped it would be avoided. You would like to help even now. But— Your expressions of sympathy have a way of ending with a "but." The "Foreign Offices" and "diplomats" have made it so difficult. It is "their funeral." It is up to them to get out of the mess.

I share your verdict in the events of the last fourteen months. I have not words strong enough to tell you what I feel about the transition from the confident idealism of October 1918, when the tide of liberalism and democracy was rising in triumphant flood over the citadels of age-long European reaction, and the all-pervading disillusionment of to-day. The world had a divine chance offered it of turning over a new leaf in human history. The chance was missed; and it will never come again in our time. 1918 will rank in European history, not as the beginning of the "new order" that was the theme of so many of the President's speeches but as inaugurating a period of new conflicts, new disorders, new and more intractable problems. To compare the present state of Europe with the Europe of Mazzini's dreams—the Europe half my friends died to bring into existence—is to recall the sad phrase in which old Xenophon, disillusioned, like ourselves, as his days drew in, turned the last page of his history: "and after this battle there was yet more confusion and disorder in Greece than before. My record reaches but thus far: perhaps some other will carry the story further." Perhaps this was in the mind of my revered master in Greek studies, Wilamowitz, when in the preface of his last book, on Plato, dated Berlin, December 1918, he says sadly that for an old man who cannot tear old loyalties from his breast "There is no more room in the world. He can but die off." But, he adds, with a touch of immortal pride "so long as I breathe I will fight under Plato's banner."

Plato's banner is the banner of truth. And as a humble private in the same army, I want to put the question, why was the chance missed? The answer is not to be found in the Bullitt revelations or in character sketches of the leading actors in the Peace Conference: still less in the misdeeds, of their able, industrious and disinterested subordinates. It was missed because Europe and America were not ready to take it!—because the public opinion of the civilized peoples was not educated up to it, because the peoples of the Continent were politically too backward, and the English-speaking peoples, although politically mature, were too ignorant and self-absorbed. If Woodrow Wilson and David Lloyd George have failed to honor the promises of their perorations, the fault lies not with them, but with the people who put them where they are and expected them to be not statesmen but supermen.

Looking back, indeed, one feels that the chance was not missed because it was never really a chance. Those of us (here I speak as an ex-official) who were working and planning for a "clean peace" and a "New Europe" and had some inkling of the complexities of the task, were taking a sporting chance and we always knew it. We knew quite well as I presume their author did that the Fourteen Points enshrined a philosophy and contained implications of policy which ran clean counter to deep-rooted popular traditions and prejudices on both sides of the Atlantic. We never expected to make more than a "clean" beginning. But we did hope for a beginning: and we thought that that one ounce of proved and practical internationalism would be worth a ton of theory and rhetoric when the inevitable conflict came.

The clean beginning was never made. It was frustrated neither by diplomats nor by officials but by popular politicians—by Mr. Lloyd George's election speeches in Britain and Mr. Wilson's Reconstruction Speech in America. I do not criticize the speakers. I merely place on record the fact that these speeches which, by decreeing the doom of

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international economic cooperation in the transition period and spelt death and ruin to thousands of plain people in Europe, were acceptable to the public opinion to which they were delivered.

I do not wish now to go back to that melancholy story of broken pledges and lost opportunities. Lord Eustace Percy's recently published volume lifts one or two corners of the veil which hides the tragedy of Allied inaction during the critical months between November 1918 and the establishment of the Supreme Economic Council, with sadly limited powers, in the spring of this year; and Mr. Maynard Keynes's forthcoming book should be even more enlightening. Suffice it to say that owing to causes ultimately attributable to the backwardness of popular opinion and the prevalence of competitive rather than cooperative ideas of international economic relations, not only did the Allies fail to carry into effective execution the clause in the armistice pledging them to promote the revictualling of Germany, but the economic situation throughout the Continent was allowed to drift steadily out of control.

Since that date control has never been recovered. The state of the exchanges is sufficient to prove it. Europe is sinking deeper and deeper into a morass. In July Mr. Hoover issued his now historic warning that unless productivity were rapidly increased the coming winter would witness loss of life throughout the Continent "on a scale hitherto undreamed of." The only positive effect of that warning, so far as I am aware was to steady the British miners whose output has been responding surprisingly to the world's terrible need for coal. But how could productivity increase on the Continent? With the disbandment of the international economic organization which maintained employment and productivity during the war, the raw material problem alone, apart from political troubles, made a return to regular conditions impossible. Since Mr. Hoover's departure and the withdrawal of the American representatives from the Supreme Economic Council the situation has become steadily worse: relief has indeed continued but no radical cure has been attempted; for without American support, a cure seemed and still seems hopeless.

The result is that Mr. Hoover's prophecy is coming true. Death, disease and destitution are stalking through Europe. There has been nothing like it since the Black Death,—to speak more truly, there has never been anything like it: for never before in history has economic collapse, the breakdown of transport and supplies and the paralysis of industry overtaken large masses of people congregated in towns drawing their sustenance, not from the country near by but from distant sources. The rich in Vienna are burning their belongings to keep warm as if they were cast-aways on a desert island. What are the poor doing who have no reserve of mahogany in their coal cellars? "It is not unusual," says Sir W. Goode, the British Director General of Relief who has just returned from that stricken city, "to see the traffic in one of the main streets which leads to the cemetery being held up by hearses. Nine-tenths carry the bodies of children."

I know the Atlantic is very broad. I know that to many thousands of Americans Vienna seems as remote as Pekin seems to us here. Yet surely you cannot sit by and let such a tragedy be enacted under your eyes with no more than a passing diatribe at "politicians" and "diplomats" and the "I told you so" that comes so readily to the disillusioned liberal's lips. Vienna, Budapest, Innsbruck, Munich, Milan, Lille, Prague, Belgrade—for I make no distinction between friend and ex-enemy—matter enormously, not only to Europe but to the civilized world. Their prosperity is our prosperity—and not in a material sense only. Their culture is our culture. Their welfare is linked with ours in the underlying unity of human aspiration and achievement. You cannot sit apart in that vast and teeming monastery that is described on the maps as North America and close your eyes and ears to the sights and sounds of the Continent from which you are sprung.

The papers tell me that America is not interested in the organizing of international credits, wherein lies the only lasting possibility of relief: that Congress is too busy with other things to vote the money: that precedents, prejudices, preoccupations, all are involved. These things look as small at a distance as the infantile deathrate in Vienna perhaps does to you. I do not make light of them, for I honor America and American sentiment and tradition. But it just because I honor the idealism which has always been the running undercurrent in the American tradition that I would ask you not to make light of the need of Europe.

You and I, Sir, shall not live to see the Europe of our dreams. Do not let us, therefore, repine, or spend our energies looking around for scapegoats. It has happened to idealists before, both men and peoples, to see their dream dissolved in gray and uninviting reality. Has it indeed often happened otherwise? If we cannot see the Europe we dreamed of, let us at least lend our efforts to vanishing the nightmare of the present. "Unless half of Central Europe is to be a desolate waste of seeding thistles," Sir William Goode told an American audience in London the other day, "a comprehensive and far-reaching financial agreement must be quickly arrived at by the Allied and Associated Governments." Think of what you owe to the Old Continent: and ask yourself if you dare refuse to honor the debt.

ALFRED E. ZIMMERN.

December 10, 1919.
Aberystwyth, Wales

Judas Iscariot

SIR:—There may have been Christmas seasons in the past when there was even less of the genuine spirit of peace and good will in the hearts of men than there is at present; but I doubt whether there was ever a Christmas season before when so many suffered from an imperfectly suppressed feeling that our hope for a healing peace of reconciliation for the world has been betrayed by those who were its friends. It is, therefore, timely to ask, why *did* Judas Iscariot betray the Master whom he had followed and of whose teaching he had been an apostle? Surely Judas's subsequent as well as previous conduct shows that the explanation of the treason is not to be found in the thirty pieces of silver. I am not competent to defend the heretical belief that the world will never be completely saved until Judas Iscariot is saved also. But surely the reign of peace in the hearts of men will not be complete until they can understand why one of the apostles should have betrayed the Son of Man. PHILONOUS.

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After the Play

IT is sadly inept, not to say jejune, to accuse Maxim Gorki's Night Lodging of "gloom." Gloomy plays there certainly are. Twin Beds was one of the gloomiest plays I ever saw, and what about a play like She Walked in Her Sleep? That defunct comedy was as depressing as a six-day bicycle race. Night Lodging is sombre. No one denies that. But to believe that a sombre play must necessarily be a "gloomy" play is like believing that Christmas must necessarily be unpleasant. It simply isn't true, and to suppose it is mentally inelastic.

But the trouble is, we are mentally inelastic. We say, ah yes, Strindberg, the woman-hater, or Ibsen, the man who bites on granite, or Gorki, the Big Gloom, when as a matter of fact these artists are simply human beings who have got beyond the comprehension of the fifth grade. This is itself an old story in criticism. Only the story has to be re-told every time the New York newspaper critics are called upon to characterize a serious drama. With a regularity as unfailing as the moon, the New York critics reaffirm their conviction that a play concerning derelict human beings must of course be squalid, sodden, high-brow and depressing. It is mentally ruinous to believe and assert such things, yet their belief and assertion are endemic in the New York newspapers, like malaria in the jungle or goitre in the Alps.

Mr. Arthur Hopkins's presentation of Night Lodging at the Plymouth Theatre may or may not be better than the presentation some time ago at the German theatre. I do not know. I never saw the performance at the German theatre and I am inclined to distrust the persons to whom the German theatre is not so much a thing in itself as a stick with which to whack the American theatre. But, better or worse than the German performance, Mr. Hopkins's is to the good. It is a strong, firm, spacious, capable performance, resting not so much on a few pinnacles as on a general level of excellence. It is presented bravely. Making no attempt to sweeten the drama to the taste of American critics, it allows the resolute sincerity of Gorki to penetrate every word and action of the performance. The result is undoubtedly not Russian, even if every actor in the cast talks with a semblance of foreignness. But the result is viable, Russian or not. A sense of human incident and human presence is quickly secured, and after that there comes a stream of event which never loses its reality either in force or direction. The impact is tremendous. Gorki inundates one's consciousness with these human fortunes and misfortunes of his tenement basement. And while occasional accents slip awry in the tumult of his creation the substance of his story finds one a corroborator—in a way that one simply never corroborates depression or gloom.

The men and women, who come together in this night lodging of a Russian city, are of the emancipated kind that one sees on the benches in Madison Square. They are recruited from the casual worker and the non-worker, the unemployed and the unemployable, the loafers and the criminals and the broken and the déclassé. On the first evening when one hears their voices through the murk of the ill-lit basement, one realizes that their anarchism is bitter. They grate on one another, sneer at one another, bawl at one another, tell one another to go to hell. They are earthly pilgrims whose burdens have galled them. They do not understand or accept their fate. They are full of self-pity. They are, in a word, one's tired and naked self. But this relaxed and wanton selfness is projected by a Russian who keeps for his people the freshness of childhood—a freshness charming in some cases, horrible in others, but always with a touch of immortality. How they reveal themselves in this nudity of common poverty. A woman in the corner is coughing, coughing. She wants air. Her husband does not go to her. His patience has snapped. In the middle of the room lies a man half recovered from a drunken brawl. He aches loudly with stale liquor and stale wounds. In the other corner a youth dreams of his mistress, the wife of the lodging-house keeper—a mistress from whom he pines to escape. The "baron" sits in the shadow, telling of his high antecedents, to weary sarcastic listeners. Elsewhere the broken young actor repeats the medical verdict that his organism is poisoned with alcohol. "You mean 'organon'," shouts another. "No organism. My organism . . ." And so, these lives sweep round and round in an eddy of helpless egotism, the sport of the winds of heaven.

Then arrives a leonine old man, a philosophical patriarchal wanderer. Quite simply he fits into this life of the basement, but unlike the rest he is no longer self-centred or self-afflicted. He walks erect in his anarchism. And gradually the lives of the night lodging group around him. He sits by the dying woman. He talks of women to the young thief, and talks of the fine life in rich Siberia that is beckoning to the young. He stands like an untroubled oak in the gales that toss the others hither and thither. Lord, he has seen life! And he meets them all with compassion, a man among children.

He goes. His presence has not prevented the lodging-house keeper's wife from driving the young man to kill her husband. Nor has it prevented that flashing devil (acted brilliantly by Miss Gilda Varesi) from mutilating her sister whom the young man really loves. But though the old man departs he leaves after him a rent of blue in the clouds that choke these people's lives. One after another the night lodgers question life afresh under the wanderer's influence. The tartar's arm is still smashed. The kopecks are still scarce. Nastia is still helpless. The baron is still reminiscent. The actor is still alcoholic. But there is aroused in the night lodging the imperishable dream of happiness, and no one is ready to quench it.

Much could be said in praise of Mr. Nicander's performance as the actor, Mr. Alan Dinehart's as the young thief, Mr. Cecil Clovelly's as the baron, Miss Pauline Lord's as Nastia, and particularly Mr. E. G. Robinson's as the devil-may-care. As the old man Mr. W. H. Thompson was open to the criticism of drawing his sweetness out. But it was a slight limitation in a well-cast performance.

Why is the grave and beautiful play *not* gloomy? It is not enough to say that the really gloomy play gives a naturalistic version of life which the spectator rejects as false. Nor is it enough to say that the falsity of a sodden play consists not in its shadows or in its discords but in its absence of the vitamen of beauty. Many plays are denied truth because their truth is not agreeable. Many plays are denied beauty simply because their beauty is a stranger. Yet we know that truth or beauty may be as sable as the night, as icy as the pole, as lonely as a waterfall in the wilderness. The fact is, gloom is the child of ingrained ugliness, not the child of accidental, conventional ugliness. It is the people who think too narrowly of poverty and failure who see Night Lodging as depressing. It does not fail in beholding life. It is not poor in sympathy.

F. H.

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Reynard the Fox

Reynard the Fox, or the Ghost Heath Run, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

I

JOHN Masefield is a surprising, an extraordinary artist. Who could suppose that he'd write a glorious hunting poem? The sea is his, and he's written rhymed narratives of desperate passion, and strange dramas with the dust of death in their mouth. But a poem of squires and their galloping daughters and hunting parsons and their wives, a poem of horse copers and ruddy huntsmen, hounds whimpering and a fleeing fox—it is a bit of supreme virtuosity, managed with fine art, and yet perfectly in the character of this most English Englishman.

It is the artist in Mr. Masefield that has wrought so well this rich substance of the hunt. His artist's heart has leaped to it. Not merely was it made for his tried medium of rhymed narrative verse, it has also brought with it every excuse for high bright coloring and every demand for a quick mounting pace of recitation. Nothing about it, not even its cruelty, could impair it as a theme for the man whose skill is Mr. Masefield's. Moreover, it was ripe for him as a man who loves England and the English character. Here everything that is simple and even infantile in the Englishman comes into contrast with, say, the Russian who takes a similar theme. Where Turgeniev and Tolstoi contrive both to enjoy and to criticize the magnificent excitement of hunting, Masefield revels in the excitement and confines his description well within the limits of perfect loyalty. The artist, that is to say, is really whole-souled. He never peeps round the corner of his tapestry to examine the seamy side. He is the poet who is at heart a romantic, and he sees around the head of his huntsmen the nimbus of their beatitude. But the result is never insipid. It is full as a nut of meat and flavor.

The poem falls into two parts, the meet and the run. The meet gives Mr. Masefield a superb chance to describe the personalities of an English county. The actual hunt presents him with a vivid drama. The first part, on the whole, seems better managed. In the second half the fox is rather humanized, and in addition his geographic adventures are not always quite clear. The sensations of the fox, after all, must be wild as against our human tameness—wild as the wild strawberry against the tame or the wild rose against the tame. With this tang of savagery one can imagine him only as bordering on pure delight or skirting nightmare. Mr. Masefield makes him a sort of pragmatist. But the second half is undeniably thrilling. The narrative form, with its verve and swiftness, fits the necessities of the poem. Reynard runs for dear life, is all but overhauled, recovers, speeds again, is winded, escapes by cunning, and in the end saves his skin. And it is through lovely English country, through its fair fields and its clean airs, that the hounds streak their way and the horses thunder:

> Then all hounds crying with all their forces,
> Then a thundering down of seventy horses—

So the narrative swings, for 166 pages.

Mr. Masefield loves his theme. In practically everyone whom he describes at the meet, good bad or indifferent, he finds a pleasant sweet or salten savor:

> A fierce, hot, hard, old, stupid squire,
> With all his liver made of fire,
> Small brain, great courage, mulish will . : .

And again, of another:

> He had deep blue, mild-coloured eyes,
> And shocks of harvest-coloured hair,
> Still beautiful with youth. An air
> Or power of kindness went about him;
> No heart of youth could ever doubt him
> Or fail to follow where he led.
> He was a genius, simply bred,
> And quite unconscious of his power.
> He was the very red rose flower
> Of all that coloured countyside.

But, lest Reynard the Fox seem too simply sensuous and passionate, take this strong woodcut:

> Just like an axehead on its helve
> Old Bennett sat and watched the gathering.
> He'd given many a man a lathering
> In field or barn, and women, too.
> His cold eye reached the women through
> With comment, and the men with scorn.
> He hated women gently born;
> He hated all beyond his grasp;
> For he was minded like the asp
> That strikes whatever is not dust.

These portraits are masterly. It is to be remarked that they judge men and women strictly as men and women of their milieu. "His hand was like a chamois glove, And riding was his chief delight," he "rode as in the saddle born," "the clean blood in his clear tanned skin Ran merry," "He was a manly English person, Kind to the core, brave, merry, true," "He had the horse-look, sharp and old . . . He was a rare good lad to box," "What met the eye Was only part, what lay behind Was English character and mind," etc. But, judging men and women only or mainly by the measure of the hunting-field, and delighting in them only or mainly by the measure of their Englishness, they remain beautifully salient, and communicative of one genuine order of realities.

The poem is sprinkled with strange words—pad-groom, dumbing, chirrups, tirrit, pyat, the grue, bollard, poshay, whickered, brocks, gleed, wame, tittup, dunched, ratten, billow-sharing, kex. These words are companioned by motion-words much needed, such as clip-a-clop, trit-trot, kukkered, cock-cock-cock, chacking, kukked, chackering, clop-clip-clep, lolloping, pad-padding. And of course these words of sound and rhythm are used happily. They heighten incomparably the sensation of tangible experience.

The same might easily be said of the use of place names, but of these I think there are too many, considering that there is no map to go by. Still, many will revel in them—Cowfoot's Wynd and Cowfoot Pastures, Tencombe Rings, Tencombe Down, Tencombe Wier, Tencombe Barrows, Cold Crendon, Cold Crendon Court, Water's Hook, Water's Oaken, Seven Spring's Mead, Masemore Farm, Coln St. Evelyn's, Blown Hilcote Copse, Shifford's Main, Ocle Covers—the list is interminable.

Reynard the Fox is narrow and external, to a marked degree a poem of personal and social associations. But it can only be understood in its joyous and uncritical character by regarding it as the work of a romanticist. John Masefield employs a realistic method, but he is a romanticist true and golden. For that reason he is a fit spokesman for old England and the merry romance of the hunt.

F. H.

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II

Reynard the Fox, announced by the publishers and received by reviewers as a new poem by Masefield, is a charming piece of verse, thoroughly characteristic in flavor, intimately English. But is it *new?*

I think not. Apparently it was written several years ago. Perhaps it antedates The Everlasting Mercy. The evidence that it was written before the war seems to me conclusive.

If this be so, it is a fact of some significance and very definite critical interest, not only because the development of Masefield's genius has followed a curve of striking continuity, but also because the brilliance of his work has made the ultimate effect of the war on his career a matter for eager inquiry. If Reynard is what it appears to be, it is a confession of silence on the part of a man whose silence will be the cause of deep regret.

The Salt Water Ballads opened Masefield's work—rough and yet conventional, chiefly external in their interest, presenting him as the Kipling of the merchant fleets. Sea-worship tinges them, and colors more definitely the short poems which followed, together with love motifs expressed with Elizabethan richness and simplicity.

Then came a period of play-writing, which gave us work that was thoughtful, intense and colorful, and yet only partially adequate to express the man.

The Everlasting Mercy, The Widow in the Bye-Street, Dauber, The Daffodil Fields, the narratives that brought Masefield's poetry home to men's business and bosoms, all date from 1911 and 1912. In them the poet found a vehicle in which he could bring together all the elements of his earlier work—his deep-lying joy in the beauty of English earth and water, his absorption in the passions of plain men, his sense of drama. This form he made peculiarly his own.

When the war came, aside from the disappointing Rosas, which we may dismiss (on the authority of his Preface to the Collected Poems) as a work never actually finished, his verse became strongly philosophical in tone. He wrote groping inquiries into the essence of beauty and the spirit, wistful commentaries on their manifestations, always touched by the shadow of death. There was none of the dramatic presentation of clashing wills and passions; but these sonnets and lyrics of various form held the distilled essence of the dramas and narratives which preceded them. They were a spearhead for all his work.

Now to turn from these to Reynard might possibly be explained on the emotional side as an extreme reaction from the preoccupations of the war. But one would find that explanation difficult to accept, and it is still less easy to account for the artistic anomaly which the poem presents. It is a loosely constructed thing, the first part being a roster of the hunt, quite in the manner of Chaucer's Prologue, the second a story of the chase. Part one contains admirable genre painting and portraiture. Part two is spirited narrative, exquisitely balancing detail and background, sympathetic and straightforward. But the characters so painstakingly studied in part one do nothing of note in part two. They follow the hounds, but the reader is with the fox. The persons of the drama do duty merely as a chorus. Vigorous as the poem is, one finds it trivial, after all, in comparison with the work for which Masefield is known. Neither in content nor in construction is it a logical sequel to any of the robust narratives in which the interplay of passionate forces is cleanly worked out.

From a younger man, deeply in love with life in the sunlight, strongly influenced by Chaucer, already past the purely experimental stage in narrative verse but not yet the accomplished master—from the Masefield of, perhaps, 1910—such a poem would be wholly in keeping. From the Masefield of Lollingdon Downs, or even of The Daffodil Fields, it is anachronistic.

There are more definite evidences of earlier authorship. After writing The Everlasting Mercy Masefield abandoned for stanzaic forms the couplets which he here used. There are genuinely humorous touches in the poem, of which the pleasantest has to do with:

> Big Tall and Ell and Mirtie Key
> (Aged fourteen years between the three)

who were terrified by the dogs, and wept, and were comforted by their mother as she

> . . . . licked her handkerchief and smeared
> Their faces where the dirt appeared.

That sort of thing harks back to the younger Masefield. Latterly, even without the war to help, humor has been burned out of him.

More significant yet is an omission from the roster. Could an English poet call the roll of an English county today and find no representatives of English arms except a veteran of the veldt and one of the Afghan border? Certainly not. But Masefield's huntesmen know nothing of Flanders and Picardy.

And could an English poet writing today speak coolly of

> Songs made before the German King
> Made England German in her mind?

That casual deprecation of the Hanoverians would have been natural enough nine or ten years ago; it is out of character today.

One welcomes Reynard the Fox. It is a poem to read with relish and to remember with pleasure. But one is loath to accept the implications of its appearance in 1919 in place of the present work of a Masefield profoundly influenced by the war.

GEDDES SMITH.

A Check List.

Government Organization in War-Time and After, by W. F. Willoughby. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PROFESSOR Willoughby's new book is almost all that a book on this subject should refrain from being. It is obvious enough that much care and patience have gone into its making; but it has no real illumination to cast upon the subject with which it deals. What actually it does is to list chronologically and by function the new departments called into being by the war, to give some account of their personnel, and briefly to narrate the policy followed by each. But despite the eulogy pronounced by Mr. Keppel in his introduction there is no real criticism in the new machine. There is an unsparing use of the terminology of praise: "loyal," "patriotic," are scattered freely through the book. But of the defects in previous American experience revealed by the war there is practically nothing. Wherein there should be permanence for the new agencies, whether, for example, priority of raw materials is a principle to be retained, Professor Willoughby does not tell us. He admirably insists on the valuable work done by the President's Mediation Commission, but he does not tell us why its work was admirable. He points out the vast field covered by the Committee on Public Information; but only half-a-

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dozen discreetly guarded sentences would reveal to an outsider the prevalent belief that few duties in the war were more blunderingly performed than that of the agency of which the crowning achievement was the publication of the lamentable Sisson documents. Professor Willoughby's book, in fact, is not a discussion but a check-list; and while he will save the observer much searching among official documents he will not tell him what meaning those documents possess.

He had avoided, that is to say, the real problems involved in his book. He rightly points out that without the new agencies he describes the successful prosecution of the war would have been impossible. He rightly points out also that innumerable hordes of men were attracted to Washington who would hardly do government work under other conditions. He shows us government by executive order instead of government by congressional mandate. He gives us interesting examples of enforced departmental co-operation. At every point, that is to say, he has a magnificent opportunity for exactly the kind of disquisition that the study of American politics most stands in need. That need is inventiveness, the habit of looking at events less as facts to be described than as problems to be solved. We do not want so much to know that this man and the other undertook this function or the other as the problem he confronted and the way he tried to solve it; above all we want some measure of the success of his effort. But all this is absent from Professor Willoughby's book. He lacks the essential political art which consists in regarding facts not as things to admire but as evidence to be weighed. He has the incurable habit of regarding life as simply a catalogue of events without a corresponding catalogue of values.

An example may serve to throw into sharp definition the meaning of this attitude. No administrative experiment during the war was of greater interest than the War Labor Policies Board. It seems to have born partly from the necessities revealed by the President's Mediation Commission and partly by the obvious need to provide the War Labor Board with a continuous stream of tendency as the basis of its decisions. It had, in fact, two great functions. It had, in the first place, to serve as the great sifting-house of information; it had, in the second, to deduce from the information at its disposal the ideas which seemed naturally to flow therefrom. Anyone who was in Washington during the war will hardly have failed to recognize certain important qualities about the Policies Board which go down to the root of governmental problems. It was, in the first place, a young board; its members, that is to say, were not, from the outset, out of touch with the ideas of the present generation. It was not planned on a hierarchical system. The chairman was as accessible to the humblest research assistant as he was to the great employer from outside. The result was a corporate eagerness which must be rare in the history of American administration.

Nor is this all. The Board knew, as few other agencies knew, how to get information and how to use it. Its daily digest of current labor news was a very valuable survey that saved its chief officials infinite reading and still more infinite discussion. It did not indulge in those uniquely evil memoranda upon memoranda which are the very substance of bureaucratic irritation. It bunched together, and therein it organized, from top to bottom, an interchangeability of ideas, which prevented the growth of that separatism among the personnel which is one of the chief vices of the American civil service. Hardly less impressive was the technique of its official discussions. Its chairman, who had not drunk in vain at the fountain of Mr. Graham Wallas's wisdom, realized from the outset that committee-procedure makes all the difference between good government and bad government. The art of administration, in fact, is secreted in the interstices of precedure.

Now of all this Professor Willoughby gives us nothing. He tells us, in a quotation from an article of Secretary Wilson, what the Board was intended to do. He gives an important statement of Professor Frankfurter about the standardization of wages. He gives the Board's own official resolutions upon the principles that would govern its operation. But, for the rest, we are left completely in the dark. Did the principles work? If they did, what was the cause of their success? Can their principles be traced in the decisions of the War Labor Board? Were they responsible for persuading the Steel Corporation into its tardy adoption of the eight-hour day? Why did the War Labor Policies Board go out of existence? Was there anything in its constitution or its methods that could usefully be adopted by the Department of Labor? Were the employers dissatisfied with it, or labor? Did it at all influence the President's thinking? Is it at all connected with that fatal and paralysing address to Congress on December 4, 1918? Were any steps taken to make use after the war of its remarkably able personnel?

After all, the success or failure of the administration's war methods will be tested in the future not by searching the files of the official Bulletin but by the response that can be made to questions like these. The things one really wants to know about government organization in wartime are not its resolves but its performances. Was the Council of National Defence anything more than a luncheon-giving decoration? Did business men succeed in Washington? Were the civilians successful in the War Department? Were the lawyers apt to quick decisions or were they, like Mr. Asquith, hampered by their supposed ability to take an all-round view? And what of the relation of the Cabinet to all these new bureaus? Did they, for instance, leave the Secretary of War free to sit back at his desk and think freshly upon fundamental problems? Were they more reasonably brusque with obtrusive senators and congressmen than a cabinet officer can usually afford to be? Did the Cabinet as a whole ever lay down rules for their guidance? What kind of questions did they take to the President for solution? It is upon these matters that we want information. We cannot afford to wait until, some thirty years hence, one of the temporary war-officials has become prominent enough to write his autobiography and the criticised collegue produces in rebuttal the letters he wrote home at the time. The one function for which an institute of Government Research is uniquely fitted is the provision of the psychological bases of administration. Professor Willoughby gives us the dead anatomy of the official record; but it is difficult to avoid a sense of disappointment when one remembers how valuable would have been the quick physiology of a record checked by the minds and hearts of men and women. No books on politics can be adequate today which fail to realize their close connection with the problems of human nature.

H. J. L.

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Recent Publications

The Great Desire, by Alexander Black. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THOUGH aesthetically barren, The Great Desire does bear fruit for other kinds of analysis and discussion. Its plan is large enough. Anson Grayl comes to New York with the desire to explore, test and correlate the varied wishes of humanity into a fundamental treatise. He sounds out a fair range of people from a snobbish anti-suffrage aunt to a brazen unloving wife in the slums, with a gambler, an eccentric philanthropist, Greenwich Villagers, anarchists, a blind girl, clothing factory employees, and many more in between. These the little hunchback mulls over in the journal in which we are allowed to read about them. Meantime the thunders of the recent war roll nearer and nearer and finally engulf the latter half of the book. The end lies in the nowhere of vague generalities.

The reflections of Grayl are neither stirring nor liberating. Unfortunately, he is twenty-eight with the traditional New England background and an academy professorship behind him. He therefore has, as we would expect, a mind not altogether unintelligent, but exasperatingly concept-bound: a mind which is nimble enough on the level but soon fags on a mountain climb: a mind which is capable of working out a problem almost to the end, but which always just prior to conviction squirms back to one of its cherished concepts: a mind similar to that of a judge who, notwithstanding his recognition of the rightness, value and force of the defendant's arguments, still insists that the case must be decided by the letter of some outworn law. In other words, the spectacle is merely that of the outlines of the conservative mind and their hardening into the "war-mind," a phenomenon so familiar and so simple that, unless played upon by more psychology or more irony than Mr. Black exhibits, makes rather obvious reading.

Grayl's contact with the philosophy of anarchism is illustrative. He disposes of its sham exponents more by exposing their personal weaknesses than by any logic, but he cannot do this when he faces Anna Jassard. Her hard-headed intellectuality reduces him at last to silence. He is compelled to admit her humanity, her kindness, her honesty, her courage, her intellect. But he cannot follow through. A previous concept intervenes. "Mere sedition may well reek with altruistic emotion," he decides, will dismiss her and her teachings.

An interesting auxiliary feature of the book is the incorporation into it of thinly-disguised figures in New York literary and radical circles.

The Messenger, by Elizabeth Robins. New York: The Century Co.

WHO are the really serious writers of mystery fiction, they who care nothing for ideas, who use only what is strictly necessary of character, who yield to an inordinate passion for preposterous happenings and work out swift, intricate, lucid plots with as much exactitude as a good player devotes to auction? Elizabeth Robins is not one of them. The first ten chapters of The Messenger are given over to preliminary scenes which establish by unmistakable hints the true vocation of the governess Greta von Schwarzenburg. She is a German spy. Nothing really happens in these chapters, though the time is July, 1914, and two full-sized Germans as well as Greta are let loose on the Scottish coast near the place of one of His Majesty's ministers. Fancy the great Wilkie Collins with ten chapters and that material, and the Scotch background thrown in! Greta's room is finally searched. This episode can be read with relish because Greta left so many things lying about. Ball pens and invisible ink and heating apparatus and sovereigns and a diary and a prepared invisible letter are pulled forth by the secret service men with the innocent ease displayed by accomplished magicians extracting similar small objects from their unlikely hiding-places. But this is practically all that we get for our money. Many of the situations are hopelessly scamped, most of them are confused. Nothing precise happens. Greta doesn't even contrive one last clear call to a submarine. The worst of it is that the author plays with ideas more and more as the story proceeds, vaguely handling the pacifist movement in England, and we are left at the end with a piece of symbolism on our hands. The little American heroine with wings on her hat, who is so blindly devoted to her old school friend Greta, who carries pacifist manifestoes in a green suit-case, who so ardently desires freedom of the seas and declines to believe the atrocity tales, all because she is unworldly and noble and frank-hearted, she—she is America. Of course she comes around in the end and sees the right, for she is sound to the core. But who cares? Who wants ideas, even tenth rate ideas mixed in with mystery?

The Red Mark, by John Russell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE EAST is the subject of nearly all Mr. Russell's fourteen tales, the good old Polynesian East of coiling, sinister, devil-devil savages, and blue-eyed, reckless, resourceful whites. For variety the savages are sometimes patient simpletons and the whites leprous criminals or fuddled beachcombers. Thick bubbling mystery is poured around them all, and once in a while, rather to one's surprise, Mr. Russell pokes out a thrill. In the Red Mark, a story from a French prison colony, he smears horror on effectively. The Wicks of Macassar is an exciting variant on the faithful light-house keeper theme, and in The Fourth Man he sees a good joke on Eastern "mystery." But this story is his only glimpse of any but a conventionalized East. On the whole he has seen it as a loaf of "rotting jungle and teeming soil; of poisonous lush green and rare sleepy blossoms," from which to cut dripping slices for popular consumption. Mr. Russell's style has itself a tropical luxuriance, so much so that among many really vivid blooms it also grows good backyard weeds like "exceeding wroth," "stark sincerity," and "immemorial East." Yet in spite of this, and in spite of his bad Kipling and worse Conrad, there is a residual Mr. Russell in these fourteen stories, a flash of gold in the great big dusty pan. That flash is an ability to irritate curiosity into turning the next page—and perhaps this was his whole intention.

Contributors

SANFORD GRIFFITH is a graduate of the University of Chicago and of the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, the French School of Diplomacy, at Paris. During the war he served as a major of Infantry and organized the service of Interrogation of Prisoners in the First Army. He was a member of the Armistice Commission and American Representative on the Inter-allied Commission of Industrial Restitution.

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